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JUNE 28, 1966

E MEREDITH SHOOTING:
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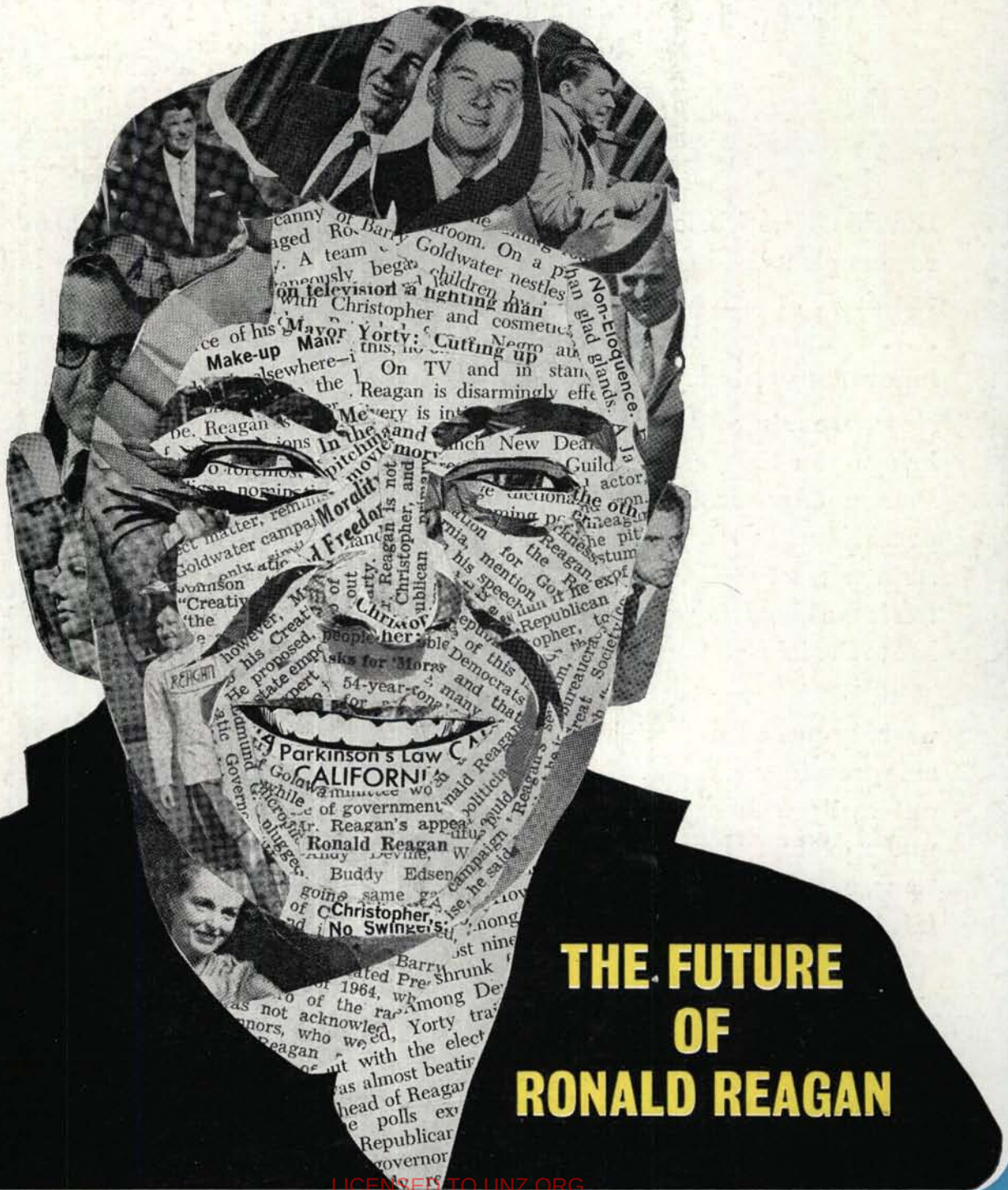
NATIONAL REVIEW



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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Admiringly, we make note of Mr. Ronald Reagan's victory in the California GOP gubernatorial primary: a famous victory, to credit the words of two Californians. Young Mr. **Farley Clinton** leads us through the arithmetic and sociology of an electoral analysis, and comes up with the jolly conclusion that it'll be Gov. Reagan before the year is out. Mr. Clinton served his apprenticeship on the *San Francisco Chronicle*. . . . Mr. **Morrie Ryskind,** who wrote his first piece for *NR* (for the first issue) when Mr. Clinton was scarcely out of knee pants, speaks of Reagan the old family friend whose "grand heresy" it was to cogitate his way to an eloquent and winning conservatism. . . . And there was an election in the Dominican Republic too, whence our correspondent Prof. **Susan Huck** files an approving review. . . . There are jungles other than electoral. Dr. **Max Geltman,** the historian and student of Jewish life, strides bravely into the thicket of Negro anti-Semitism, and comes back with a trophy that is the Negroes' for their asking. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley,** home again from a recent tour of South Africa, tells of the variously human and animal jungles one can find in the Kruger Park. . . . **K. J. Cullinane** is a former Marine, has four offspring, and knows how to write about gold.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** notices the unhappy direction in which the law is moving when it treats crimes wrought by white against black differently from those wrought by black against black. . . . Totalitarianism, says **Frank S. Meyer,** isn't far down the road, if we allow McNamara to get away with his recent plea for *corvée* labor. . . . **James Burnham** observes that Johnson's indecisiveness troubles the supporters of a hard line who wish to back him against the Vietnik advocates of Asian withdrawal, and asks how long LBJ can wait. . . . Once again Prof. **Russell Kirk** troops the colors in the good fight against Mr. Hannah of Behemoth U., a vendetta the gaiety of which we would not for all the world stand in the way of, even if we dissociate ourselves from some of Mr. Kirk's apparent positions about the use of university facilities by the government. (Shazama the belly dancer is pushing Dr. Kirk's latest novel, *A Creature of the Twilight*: so says *Publisher's Weekly*.) **Nika Standen Hazelton** applies her knowledge of how to make guests happy at table to the problem of making guests happy in the country for a weekend, and promises to tell you, next time, how to feed those guests who are worth feeding.

➔ Prof. **Stephen Tonsor** evaluates the memoirs of Konrad Adenauer as a diver might weigh a beautiful pearl; as one should, when brought face to face with political prudence, humane intelligence, and Christian virtue all displayed in the muddiest waters of all, those political. . . . Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** (English, Dartmouth) tosses up and down in his hand a recent memorial sketch of Hemingway, and decides that biographer Hotchner performed a service worth celebrating. . . . Good news, says **William F. Rickenbacker:** here are three books in economics that make wonderfully good sense. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** opens new doors into Nabokov and Colette. . . . Mr. **Antoni Gollan** used to be with *NR*; currently he is with Bob Dylan; don't knock success. ➔

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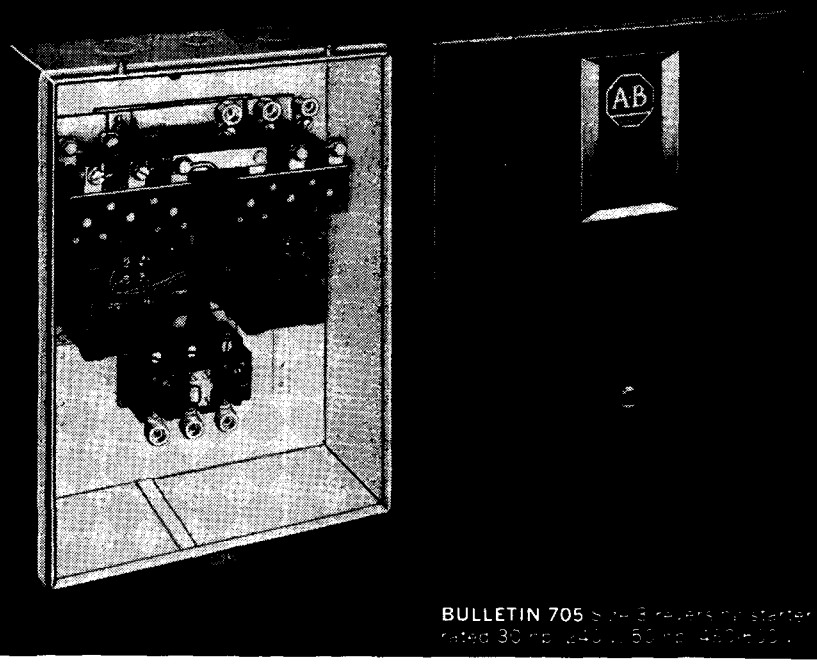

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TO THE EDITOR

Correction

I would like to call attention to a minor error inadvertently introduced into my article on "The Mental Health Ethic" [June 14]. Toward the end of the second paragraph, the sentence printed as "Let it suffice to note the specific forces that launched psychiatry as a discrete movement or discipline," should have read, "Let it suffice to note the specific forces that launched community psychiatry as a discrete movement or discipline." Since in this article I do not discuss the social background of *all* of psychiatry, this qualification is necessary for the sake of accuracy.

Syracuse, N.Y. THOMAS S. SZASZ, M.D.

Theodore Lit mentions Walter Judd as serving from the 78th Congress to the 82nd [May 31]. I seem to remember Dr. Judd in Congress as late as 1962. Unless my digital computer is less reliable than I have always thought it to be, that would carry him through the 87th Congress, a difference of ten years and a rather significant ten years at that. I, for one, wish that it had been at least another ten.

Middlebury, Vt. JONATHAN DEXTER GLIDDEN

As do we. Apologies to Dr. Judd. —ED.

The Right of Self-Defense

Thought the readers of Frank S. Meyer's "The Right and Duty of Self-Defense" [May 17] might be interested in this.

I live in a city of well over a million inhabitants. The "under-privileged" environment here must be, in absolute figures, several times that of any of the major cities of the United States. Yet a young girl may walk through the most poverty-stricken of neighborhoods with almost 100 per cent confidence in her personal safety. If she should be molested, I doubt that the assailant would be available to plead his case. Fun-killings and joy-beatings are relatively rare. Ardent Liberal theorists might want to check this out.

I can't say that the city is perfect. The pickpockets show every evidence of advanced training. Cat burglars practice their art with consummate skill and deserve their renown. Private feuds are somewhat frequent and often gory. But this type of crime is of a different genre. It can occur with or without the propagation and promulgation of Liberal theory.

On the other hand, every attempt is

(Continued on p. 602)

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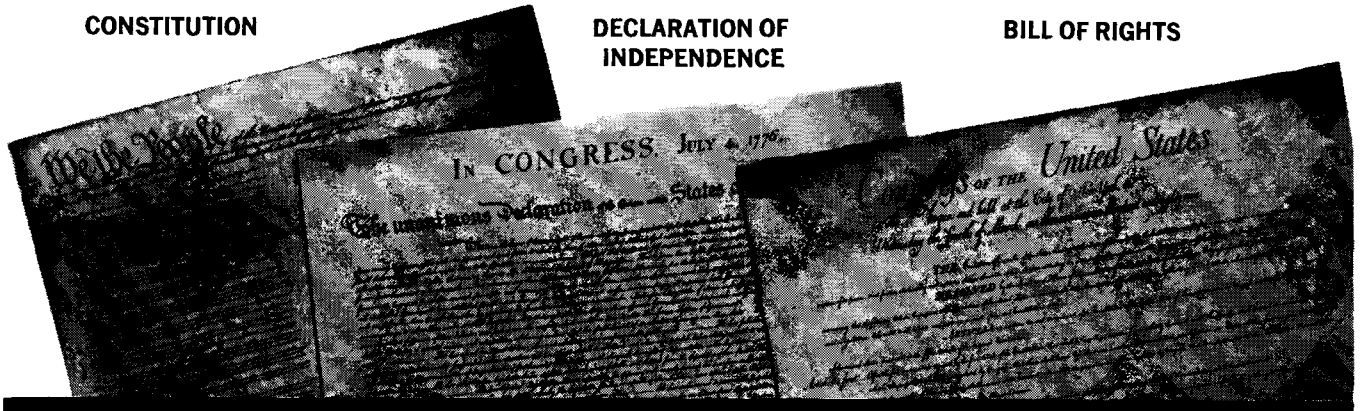

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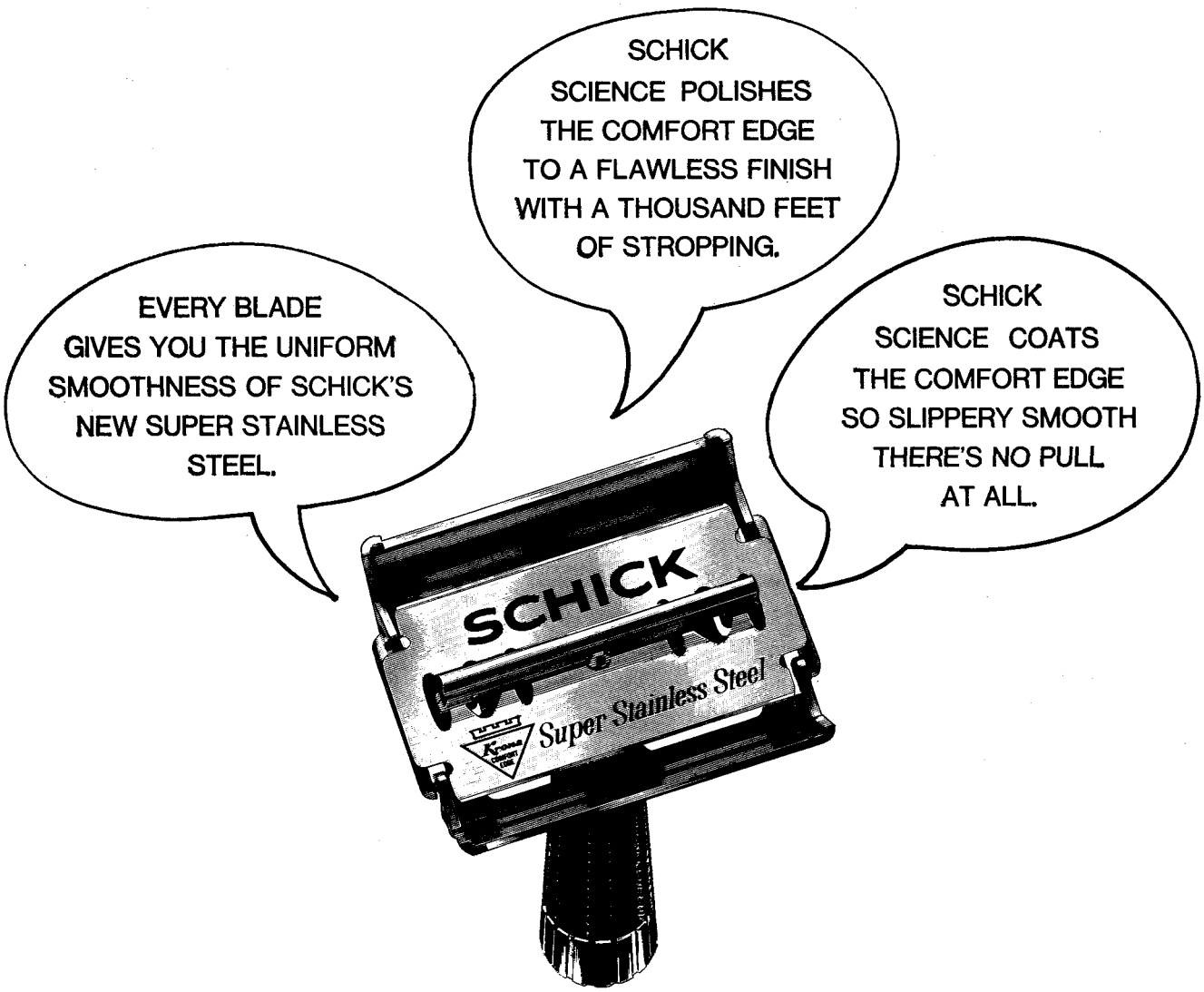

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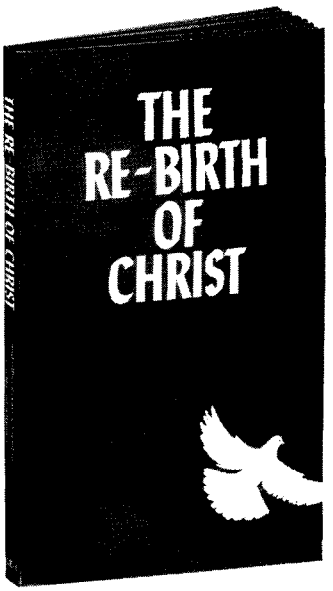

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• In a thoroughgoing discussion of the Vatican Council, you will read the late Evelyn Waugh's memorable "The Same Again, Please," which places the council in its proper historical setting. Then Will Herberg, Thomas Molnar, Brent Bozell and Alice-Leone Moats take up the more controversial problems raised by Pope John's "sudden inspiration." (You will especially enjoy Miss Moats' "Some of the Pope's Problems," a sympathetic essay on Pope Paul's difficulties with John's council.)

How "Modern" Can Christians Be?

• A section of the birth control issue is a perfect example of the serious disagreements "renewal" has brought about among Christians themselves. Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Garry Wills and Brent Bozell slug it out in debate of issues that range from personal morality to world politics.

• The Christian in the modern world is the subject of five probing essays, from Will Herberg's "Conservatism, Liberalism and Religion" to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's thought-provoking "The Christian Social Sentimentalist." Most timely is Herberg's analysis of whether the current civil rights movement has a religious "right" to violate the law.

• All this — and much more. There are important chapters by Jeffrey Hart (author of "The American Dissent"), Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Russell Kirk *plus* Marvin R. O'Connell's hilarious "Gnostics on a Train."

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 496)

being made here to teach the populace the finer aspects of envy and covetousness, so dear and so essential to Liberal practice. It may well be that some day Guadalajarans will become convinced that their neighbor's goods, families, and personal liberties are not to be respected. In the meanwhile, this morally old-fashioned town is here to prove that Frank Meyer is right in his contention that poverty and "modern" crime cannot be correlated.

Guadalajara, Jalisco PATRICK T. DOLAN
Mexico

Enclosed is my check for $5.00. Please send Frank Meyer's marvelous article on the right of self-defense to those nine candidates for self-destruction on the Supreme Court. And ask them if they ever got mugged on a dark night.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

NR vs. *Pauling*

Thank you so much for giving your readers such a comprehensive account of the libel proceedings brought by Dr. Linus Pauling [May 17]. It was a marvelous job. I do not believe that this sort of

(Continued on p. 643)

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The WEEK

● "The Palestine Liberation Army is a guerrilla unit maintained by the UAR to annoy Israel. It gets relief rations from the UN . . ." Stop right there! Relief to an enemy of Israel. Investigate! Get a Kennedy! Get Teddy! ". . . Senator Edward M. Kennedy has begun an on-the-spot investigation of the distribution of food, clothing and medicine to Arab army recruits by the UN Works and Relief Agency." Good. Bravo, Teddy. "The Palestine Liberation Army, it was announced today, is being sent to fight with the Vietcong . . ." *With* meaning *against* or *on the side of*? ". . . on the side of the Vietcong in its war against American imperialism." We don't think Teddy can handle it.

● To judge from the Harris Poll, the American public favors greater militancy in Vietnam, and the current fidgetiness traces rather to LBJ's uncertain prosecution of the war than to a desire to bug out. A few of the poll's findings: 1) By nearly three to one, Americans favor blockading North Vietnamese seaports; 2) Opinion is now split down the middle on bombing the cities of Hanoi and Haiphong (in 1965, it was two-to-one against); 3) Most Americans reject the suggestion of Vietcong representation in any freely elected government of Vietnam (in January, by a slim margin, they accepted the idea); 4) The heavy majorities against bombing mainland China, or using atomic ground weapons, have shrunk over the past two months; and 5) The public rejects General Gavin's enclave strategy and the resumption of a bombing pause by margins of better than two to one.

● In California's Democratic congressional primary June 8 "peace candidates" ranging from semi-Soft to downright baloney (e.g. three from *Ramparts* Magazine) got nowhere. The dynamics of the situation "did not provide fertile ground for their arguments," explains one news dispatch; besides, the peaceniks were political tyros running against well entrenched incumbents. True. But the excuse that "many other factors" (i.e. other than Vietnam) figured in the contests is not wholly convincing. The peace candidates got into politics to dramatize their anti-Administration stand on Vietnam, and their campaigns pivoted on the Vietnam issue. Next week's New York Democratic congressional primary (June 28) will feature several more raw clashes over Vietnam policy, notably Reform and peace candidate Theodore Weiss's bitter wrangle with Hard five-termer Rep. Leonard Farbstein in Manhattan's 19th C.D. In Brooklyn's 13th C.D., peace candidate Melvin Dubin has enlisted a thousand active campaign workers in his fight with veteran Hard Rep. Abraham Multer. In John Lindsay's old congressional district, the 17th, the peace candidate (to oppose peacenik Kupferman in November) is State Senator Jerome Wilson, taking on unknown but Very Hard Peter Berle.

● After a sedentary spiel at the conference table, the civil rights groups are back where contrarily they feel most at home—on the public highways of the Deep South. But it was not like old times. An uncoordinated, rather sparse, shambling mass spurred on by internal politics, the Mississippi voter-registration march succeeded in galvanizing the conscience of Eugene Nickerson, a candidate for governor in New York. Otherwise, most white Liberals stayed home. The Deacons of Defense, marching with SCLC, CORE, SNCC, etc., talked guns. The Justice Department frowned. The Negroes of Mississippi were cooperative—on sunny days. The only big news to come out of the first week was bad. This was the outburst of Charles Evers, field director of the Mississippi NAACP, who chose 1) to repudiate a march manifesto manifestly Pharaonic (600 federal registrars, it wants, plus Fort Knox), to which it appeared his signature had been appended by another hand; and 2) to ventilate his fears lest the King-Abernathy-Carmichael-McKissick coalition that is running the Mississippi show perpetrate "another Selma, where everyone goes home with the cameramen and leaves us holding the bag." It didn't help public relations that Charles Evers is the brother of Medgar Evers, like James Meredith the victim of an ambush, whose death three years ago brought Dr. King and the cameramen to Birmingham.

● Mr. George Meany of the AFL-CIO, a no-nonsense anti-Communist, supported the U.S. delegates to a meeting of the International Labor Organization when they walked out of the meeting in Geneva in protest against the selection of a Polish Communist to chair the session. Mr. Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers, who is the Fulbright of organized labor, publicly attacked Meany for being beastly. Meany took the question to the 29-man Executive Council of the AFL-CIO and, as this goes to press, the betting is strong that Reuther will be formally told off by his compeers.

● Senator Joseph Clark (D., Pa.), speaking at Haverford College commencement exercises June 3, called for the pursuit of peace "not inch by inch in petty paces to the last syllable of recorded time, but . . . by barracuda bites." To wit, 1) the U.S. should get out of Vietnam, 2) the U.S. should get out of Europe, 3) the U.S. should adopt as its overriding

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foreign policy objective a wide ranging détente with the USSR. Just call him Barracuda Joe.

● Mrs. Gandhi (she's the one who's Prime Minister of India now) has devalued the rupee and has spoken to her people, all because Washington asked her to do these things in order to merit further aid. But Moscow, which is sending helicopters, tanks, ammo and MiGs to Mrs. Gandhi to help her feed her starving millions, would not like Mrs. Gandhi to be seduced by the capitalist world. That is why Mrs. Gandhi now plans to visit Moscow for a few days next month. She will prove she is non-aligned.

● The Republic of South Africa, the leak has it, will not permit Senator Robert Kennedy to return again next year. Will he return anyway? Maybe wade ashore like MacArthur? But amphibian landingwise Bobby isn't very good. What he should have done at the Bay of Pigs was make a speech. Might have changed the course of the cold war. Come on, Bobby. Smile.

● In domestic policy, Nigeria's new military government has been judged somewhat more conservative as well as more honest than its predecessor. In relation to Rhodesia, however, it is taking a much sharper line. The presumed reasons: a) to assert what Nigerians believe to be their due leadership in African, particularly African Commonwealth, affairs—a purpose aided at the moment by Ghana's confusion following the overthrow of Nkrumah; b) to exploit an issue that will help the military junta in its aim of unifying Nigeria's badly divided geo-tribal segments into a single nation.

● Every year since the liberation, some 150 Frenchmen have gathered at the Invalides, Paris' great military shrine, to honor the memory of Staff Sergeant Lawrence R. Kelly of Altoona, Pa., thought to be the first American to die in the liberation of Paris. This year the French Ministry of Defense having banned private ceremonies at the Invalides, the service was held at the American cemetery in the suburb of Suresnes. The crowd, emotional and demonstrative, numbered about 1,500. Most were Frenchmen come to protest the increasing anti-Americanism of their government. To the several luminaries on hand—U.S. Ambassador Charles Bohlen, former Premier Paul Reynaud, the rightist Jean Louis Tixier-Vignancour—the government added its own spokesman, whose possibly incautious statement that "without the United States France would no longer exist" was received with enthusiasm.

● Look, if you want to recognize Red China, come out and say so, instead of going through the let's-have-a-discussion about China so us neutrals can refine our thoughts on the matter. In the first place, *US* Neutrals are well known advocates of recognizing Red China. Like Cecil Thomas, Associate Peace Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, Roger "Two China" Hilsman of the Kennedy Administration, and Profs. Doak Barnett and John Fairbank. And their committee (the National Committee on United States-China Relations) is a lobby for recognition, *tout court*. But it wants a tax exemption, so it is "taking no sides." We know just the Internal Revenue agent we hope gets their application. The same one that refused a tax exemption to the Committee of One Million.

● As to the British seamen's strike, $50 a week isn't all that lousy wages, considering it's cash in pocket after room and board. Do those who protest that wage *demand* to ship out to sea nevertheless? The testimony of Ulysses, Peter I, Loti, Conrad, Masefield, Luckner, Heyerdahl and Prince Philip is unanimous that the seafaring life can be both useful and enjoyable. This strike, if it goes on for long, will topple the pound sterling, the dollar, the Western monetary system, and the Labor Government if that's any consolation. Therefore Mr. Wilson will borrow from the U.S. in order to prop up the Socialists and the sailors, administering one more shock to a dollar already fibrillating. England knows what it means to have the Vikings come plundering out of the East. Now Washington will learn.

● On the evening of June 9 the International Committee of Conscience on Vietnam of the Fellowship of Reconciliation sponsored the appearance at New York City's Town Hall of Thich Nhat Hanh, "leading Buddhist monk from Vietnam." Nhat Hanh, slight to a point of near-transparency, gave whisper-soft voice to simple wants (peace, independence, self-realization), strong grievances (the U.S. is murdering women and children, burning crops, using Vietnam as a buffer against Red China), and ready solutions (the U.S. must pull back, rein in, give up, get out). Behind him on the platform, nodding agreement, sat Arthur Miller, Robert Lowell, Rev. Daniel Berrigan SJ, Rabbi Abraham Heschel and John Oliver Nelson. Nhat Hanh several times voiced his appreciation for the support of "these intellectuals." Alas! he doubted he would ever see them again after his return home, as Premier Nguyen Cao Ky will probably be very angry. Well, we bloody well hope so. Thich Haw Haw would get a swinging reception from us, if we were Ky.

● God Is Dead Note Down Under And Slightly Sideways: Wellington, New Zealand, May 8—The Anglican Church in New Zealand has decided to omit the Ten Commandments in the modern-language version

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of the Communion service because "they do not express the Christian emphasis on love and grace."

● "But it *tastes* like green cheese!"

Don't Say a Word, Mac

By its amplification of the bitterly debated 1964 Escobedo ruling, the Supreme Court, dividing as so often 5-4, has decided that the police are a greater present threat to this nation than the criminals, and that protection of the rights and privileges of criminals has consitutional priority over the security of the innocent. This is the substantial meaning of the opinion written by the Chief Justice, which on June 13 reversed the convictions of Ernesto Miranda (rape), Michael Vignera (robbery), Roy Stewart (murder) and Carl Westover (robbery).

The Escobedo opinion was a rather narrow application of the Sixth Amendment right to "assistance of counsel" in criminal prosecution. The new dictum based itself on the Fifth Amendment clause against self-incrimination, to which it assimilates the Sixth Amendment right to counsel. By the new doctrine, when any individual "is taken into custody or otherwise deprived of his freedom by the authorities . . . he must be warned prior to any questioning that he has the right to remain silent, that anything he says can be used against him in a court of law, that he has the right to the presence of an attorney, and that if he cannot afford an attorney one will be appointed for him prior to any questioning if he so desires." "If the individual indicates in any manner, at any time prior to or during questioning, that he wishes to remain silent ["I'm not in the mood for any further conversation with the likes of you, officer . . ."], the interrogation must cease."

It is amusing, in a sick sort of way, that Judge Warren has suddenly transformed himself, for the purposes of this opinion, into the most lofty of constitutional purists. His entire argument is presented as a deductive chain of constitutional abstractions. He mentions the suggestion to the Court "to withhold decision until legislative bodies and advisory groups have had an opportunity to deal with these problems." By no means: "The issues presented are of constitutional dimensions and must be determined by the courts." No reference at any point to what is going on in the highways and byways of our jungle-cities. Better that ten thousand rapists go free than that one confession should be obtained without benefit of attorney! Let the Constitution reign though the heavens fall!

The disparity between the methodology of this new opinion and that of such opinions as *Brown*—based primarily on alleged sociological, historical and psychological findings—strengthens the suspicion that many of the views of the Warren majority are not conclusions reached from the reasoning propounded, but mere prejudices sprung from Liberal ideology,

New Faces of '68

Noting that both Mr. Rockefeller and Richard M. Nixon had had shots at the Presidency, Senator Javits urged the party to look for some "new faces." "Mine would be a new face, a new and established face," the Senator said. *New York Times*

Through artifice, it's possible to be
Attractive, when you're pushing 84.
Some ladies claim Miss Arden has the key
To anchor AWOL sailors to the shore.
In masculine society, the search
For compliments is equally intense:
According to reliable research,
We're only negative toward abstinence.
With nearly *everybody* swinging, who
Looks forward to the dishes on the shelf?
As Sophie Tucker used to sing it: "You
Should try to be a tasty dish, yourself!"
But certain dishes call for carbonate.
(I'll *die* if he's the dish in '68.)

W. H. von Dreele

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Two dramatic political events this month have influenced the fate of the Civil Rights bill now before Congress. The 2-1 Reagan victory and the strong showing of Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty in the California primaries further strengthens congressional opposition to the "open house" section of the bill, since their showing reflected—in part—widespread opposition to "open housing" laws and civil rights excesses. (The Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, which wants to strengthen the Administration's bill, admits mail to Congress is running 100 to one against the housing section.) And the shooting of James Meredith in Mississippi makes it almost as certain that the other four portions of the bill will pass—especially that one providing stiff penalties for violence directed against civil-rights activists. What remains to be worked out is the compromise. A Republican effort to divide the bill in two met with Democratic opposition, but the Administration may find that to be the only way of obtaining any civil rights legislation this year.

◆ Pressure on high-level federal bureaucrats to contribute to Democratic campaign coffers is becoming a way of life in Washington. Latest reports concerned the $100-a-plate Democratic dinner on May 10. A special House Republican Task Force on the federal civil service merit system has proposed legislation to bring more workers under the Hatch Act's "no politics" provisions, and to give the Civil Service Commission more power to enforce violations of the law. Their proposals will get nowhere, of course, and even if they did there are doubts they would be effective, since the chairman of the Commission, John Macy, has been blatant in his disregard of the axiom that the Civil Service Commission is supposed to stay out of politics. Just this April, for example, Macy was the principal speaker at a $50-a-plate fund-raising dinner for Rep. Clarence Long (D., Md.).

◆ Political pressure on federal employees is old-hat, but what is astounding is the amount of pressure placed on them this year to buy U.S. savings bonds. This column has heard of high-level defense intelligence officers being assigned the job of calling heads of military departments that are falling behind in their quota —at night, from their homes. Civil-service columnists for Washington newspapers have been flooded with reports of intimidation. Employees at the Office of Economic Opportunity have been told it is matter of "loyalty to the organization," and have received personal memorandums. Commerce Secretary John Conner promises "a personal canvass" of those who don't comply. For some reason President Johnson has taken the savings bond program as a sign of personal loyalty. Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien heads the drive, and has told agency heads that "the President personally is following the progress of this campaign and he will accept nothing less than the minimum immediate goal of 75 per cent, will consider adequate nothing less than realization of our long-range goal of 90 per cent, and will be satisfied with nothing less than achievement of the 100 per cent record established by the White House." That doesn't leave much room for individualists.

◆ The Administration is continuing its vendetta against the National Right to Work Committee. Internal Revenue's investigation of their files, reported earlier in this column, has now gone on uninterrupted for more than seven months. Unable to unearth any wrongdoing, the first IRS agent was "reassigned" and the second one became "sick." The Committee now is being investigated by a third agent, requiring the entire process to start again. The Department of Labor, also getting into the act, is resorting to a mis-use of the Landrum-Griffin Act in an attempt to require the Committee to open its records to government investigators. Reed Larson, the Committee's executive vice president, says that "the obvious purpose of the Secretary of Labor, who was chief Administration spokesman for the bill that would have repealed 14(b), is to force the National Committee to disclose the names of its 22,000 supporters—including 8,000 rank-and-file workers—thereby exposing them to harassment by government agents and irresponsible union officials."

◆ Is Sol Linowitz, head of Xerox, about to receive the gubernatorial blessing of Robert Kennedy? According to Washington rumor, several of the Senator's aides are preparing speeches for a Linowitz campaign against Nelson Rockefeller.

—CATO

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and then dressed up with whatever reasoning is handy.

Justice Harlan's scornful dissent in the present instance dismisses the Chief Justice's trappings as "a *trompe l'oeil*," and exposes the logical and historical error in the attempted fusion of the doctrines derived from the Fifth and Sixth Amendments. His summary is unqualified: "Nothing in the letter or spirit of the Constitution or in the precedents squares with the heavy-handed and one-sided action that is so precipitously taken by the Court in the name of fulfilling its constitutional responsibilities."

Justice White's dissent cuts through to the realities that will be so intimately affected by this reckless action of the Warren clique: *"The Court not only prevents the use of compelled confessions but for all practical purposes forbids interrogation except in the presence of counsel. . . . The Court has created a limited Fifth Amendment right to counsel—or, as the Court expresses it, a 'right to counsel to protect the Fifth Amendment privilege. . . .' The focus then is not on the [free] will of the accused but on the will of counsel and how much influence he can have on the accused. . . .* ➤

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"The obvious underpinning of the Court's decision is a deep-seated distrust of all confessions. . . . The result adds up to a judicial judgment that evidence from the accused should not be used against him in any way, whether compelled or not. This is the not so subtle overtone of the opinion—that it is inherently wrong for the police to gather evidence from the accused himself. . . . Until today, 'the admissions or confessions of the prisoner, when voluntarily and freely made, have always ranked high in the scale of incriminating evidence.' Particularly when corroborated. . . . such confessions have the highest reliability and significantly contribute to the certitude with which we may believe the accused is guilty. . . .

"The most basic function of any government is to provide for the security of the individual and of his property. These ends of society are served by the criminal laws which for the most part are aimed at the prevention of crime. Without the reasonably effective performance of the task of preventing private violence and retaliation, it is idle to talk about human dignity and civilized values. . . . The rule announced today will measurably weaken the ability of the criminal law to perform in [this task]."

The Continuing Assault on Privacy

A couple of years ago that deuteroscopic social observer, Mr. Vance Packard, published a bestseller entitled *The Naked Society* (reviewed in *NR*, June 2, 1964). The book startled the nation into an examination of the noxious spread of snooping and spying as applied upon private citizens by the zealots of commerce and government.

A few pages of the book recounted the struggles of Mr. Wm. Rickenbacker of NATIONAL REVIEW against the inquisitorial questionnaire sent to every fourth household during the 1960 federal Census, and for a few months we were permitted to hope that the great popularity of Packard's work, combined with the histrionic fervor of a congressional committee investigating bugged martinis, would work out to the benefit of individual privacy (the cocoon of individual liberty). The hope was that the Congress would amend the federal statutes to allow for voluntary, not compulsory, responses to sociological surveys conducted by the Federal Government.

The whole question comes up again because there are reports that the government will go far beyond the intolerable limits of 1960 when it constructs its social survey for the 1970 Census. In 1960 the government asked every fourth household for detailed information on its electrical appliances, the rental value of its property, the number of bathrooms therein, the

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type of plumbing, type of heating, total income from various sources, number of cars, and on and on and on—meanwhile, mind you, possessing the right to impose fines and prison sentences on those who refused for one reason or another to answer such pryings.

In 1970, if the reports are correct and Congress fails to act, the Census people will expand their snooping to more romantic fields. How many children do you plan to have, Mrs. ——? (The Great Society will jail you for refusing to answer.) What system, if any, do you and your husband use to "space" your children? (Come clean, or it's jail for you, Mama!) What religion do you espouse? And so on.

No one argues now, and NATIONAL REVIEW didn't argue in 1960 (see "The Fourth House," *NR*, May 21, 1960), that such information might not be of interest to businessmen and sociologists. The argument is simply that the government does not need the power to inflict penalties for failure to respond. The relevant information can be dredged up by standard polling techniques conducted on a basis of voluntary response—the very techniques that allow the Labor Department to estimate U.S. unemployment each month by a sample survey conducted with voluntary responses, the very techniques that permit General Motors to estimate within a fraction of one per cent how many cars to build next year.

But even if the government could show that it *needs* the power to compel replies, the Fourth Amendment protects citizens against "unreasonable" search and seizure. What is "reasonable" depends on the purpose of the investigation. In the Rickenbacker court case arising from a test of the constitutionality of the 1960 questionnaire, the 1960 Director of the Census Bureau, Mr. Robert W. Burgess, was asked by the Judge:

"What was the purpose of it?"

BURGESS: "Well, it seemed to be carried out as a simplification of the training and of the routine which becomes enormous." (We quote from the trial transcript.)

JUDGE: "What was the purpose of getting that particular information?"

BURGESS: "Oh, that information had been obtained before 1950. It was on the census, and, some of the questions on the census, although taken at the same time by any given enumerator from a given household, some of them were, as they came to those questions, they would say these are—we will skip these for this household and—"

JUDGE: "Well, what was the purpose for this somewhat extensive questionnaire in 1960?"

BURGESS: "Well, those questions were asked before in 1950; for instance, questions mostly asked. Only minor changes from census to census in the questions."

JUDGE: "What was the purpose for getting all that information? What was done with it?"

BURGESS: "Well, it was summarized, as it had been in 1950, when sampling was done in a different procedure. These were questions that we explored very carefully through committees, one within the government and one of experts outside and one of users outside, 'What changes would you like and the information you would get,' and we turned down a very considerable number of those questions, requests for extensions of information, but within the government and outside the government they wanted more information for house—for guidance, as an aid to housing, for instance. By the way, if that—"

JUDGE: "Was that the general purpose of that questionnaire, as an aid to housing?"

BURGESS: "You see, the Housing Administration gives government aid in certain cities for improving housing conditions."

After five direct questions the Director of the Census Bureau was finally able to give a reason why the government must enjoy the power to toss us in jail for protecting our privacy in matters of religion, coition, and electricity. The government's case is flimsy—and when it exists as an affront to personal privacy and liberty, it is so indefensible as to constitute prima facie evidence of unconstitutionality. The Congress should amend the statutes to provide for individual privacy in the face of federal sociologists.

A Contemptible Congress?

The House Committee on Un-American Activities has asked the House of Representatives to vote on a handful of contempt citations arising from its conversations with some terribly uncooperative witnesses in Chicago away back in May, 1965. The Establishment damned near went mad trying to figure out whether it should come to the rescue of the Chicago mob *and* the Ku Klux Klanthropoids who had also, and almost simultaneously, refused to take the Committee's questions seriously. Finally, the all-believing editorialists at the *New York Times* decided that it was time to tell the House that it would be holding *itself* in contempt if it voted to hold in contempt those who had held *it*, indeed in contempt—if, that is, the House accepted the Committee's recommendation to start contempt proceedings against the terribly uncooperative witnesses.

It is sort of a seasonal rite. Every year about this time one must do some nipping in the bud. It is time to nip the pesky little delusion that Congress has no power at all to make investigations; that, having that power, Congress must be limited even more than it is

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by the Supreme Court in investigations having to do with imminent legislation; that, within the framework of legitimate investigation, Congress can function without possessing the authority to punish those who refuse to cooperate.

No. In political matters contempt and respect are proportional to weakness and power. A Congress that cannot punish unduly recalcitrant witnesses cannot conduct fundamental inquiries. A Congress unable to inform itself is unable to legislate meaningfully. That kind of Congress would be contemptible. Indeed, that is the kind that kings used to dismiss, with a wave of the hand, *sine die*.

15-Senselessness.

New York City's finances are currently paralyzed because of the divine right of the 15-cent transit fare. Everybody knows the fare has got to go up, but nobody within the reach of New York City voters wants to be the man who pushed it. Accordingly, the two most prominent New York City politicians are locked in mortal combat to establish which is the more irresponsible. John Lindsay being mayor, and therefore having the biggest lever on public opinion, is the presumptive winner. Frank O'Connor, as president of the Democratic-dominated City Council, is a hot contestant. If it weren't for an obscure state senator in Albany, critically situated in the legislature, who has flatly refused to consider any relief for New York City until the transit fare is raised (every other major city in the country charges at least 25 cents), it is altogether probable that New York's elected representatives would see the City fold up before doing what obviously needs to be done.

That kind of thing was foreseen, believe it or not, by the statesmen who wrote the instruments conveying the subways to the City. The indenture stipulates that the subways shall be self-supporting, the idea being that politicians should be spared any personal involvement in rates set purely by economic calculations. But it turned out to be just another of those good textbook ideas that don't quite work out. Because New York's politicians do control the Transit Authority, and the Transit Authority has to deal with the Transit Workers, so that responsibility for a rise in the cost of operating the subways is laid at the door of the politicians who dare not resist such rises in part because inflation makes it unjust to try to do so, in part because they fear the unions.

A municipal mess, all around. A responsible Republican policy would be to level with the people, tell them they're paying the operating deficit anyway through taxes, and come out for solvent public enterprises wherever possible. But there is no responsible Republican in the house.

Ngo Tuong, RIP

I only knew him about six weeks; and of course there was the language barrier, and rank differences and oriental reticence, but he became a friend anyway. At least he was my friend until he was murdered by the Vietcong; now he is my cause. Mr. Tuong was the village chief of Hoa Lac village a few miles north of Da Nang. He was appointed to that job around the middle of January. He held it for five weeks. He was murdered. The facts of his death were in many newspapers. They were also covered quite well in an article in *Time* Magazine. Briefly, he was machine-gunned by two Vietcong while attending a Buddhist religious meeting in one of the hamlets in his village. Four other villagers were caught in the fire and killed as well. He was not even able to draw his pistol and defend himself. By the time Marines arrived he had been dead for thirty or forty minutes. The Vietcong escaped.

But his death is more significant than one more bitter little killing in a bitter little war. He was an effective chief. He was not a democrat. He probably could not have defined democracy or even have understood it. He was not elected to office. That was not practical. But he did understand his own people. He governed in a manner that was in keeping with Vietnamese tradition. He established a village council of elders to help him rule. Decisions were made at town meetings. The villagers were organized to help defend their area. Payments for work projects and relief supplies were distributed honestly. In short, he did his job. The more effective he became the more his life was in danger, yet he performed to the best of his ability. He helped the people, so the Vietcong had to kill him. (That is the real horror of the anti-war demonstrations in the U.S. Those demonstrations sanction an organization that feels it must brutally murder anyone who is honestly helping the peasant.)

In his death, is there hope? I like to think so. People must be heartened by the picture of a poor but honest and brave man willing to risk his life to fight Communism. If only there were more. Maybe, just maybe there are more than we realize. When Mr. Tuong look over as village chief, the police chief in the village was an immature young man named Hung. Hung's main interests were reading movie magazines and chasing girls. Six weeks with Mr. Tuong changed all that. In six weeks he matured; he became a man. Tuong is dead but Hung is now village chief and is attempting to carry out his predecessor's program. He lacks experience, but by God he is trying. He has seen what the Vietcong can do and he is doing his best anyway. God rest Mr. Tuong; God help Mr. Hung. They both prove this lousy war can be won.

CAPT. PETER T. DUGGAN, USMC
Da Nang

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Notes and Asides

Some time ago we entered into an exchange with the *Mentor,* the magazine published at the penitentiary at South Walpole, Mass. Now the editor, Mr. Edward M. Mello, writes to offer a free subscription to his magazine to all NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers because "the *Mentor's* aim is to 'create better understanding' between 'outsiders' and 'insiders.' To do so we must have intelligent readers who, hopefully, will communicate to the less intelligent the facts of penology and the people it involves. We can think of no better way to do so than to offer subscriptions to *Review* readers." For those interested the address is Box 100, South Walpole, Mass. 02071.

On the Right

How Guilty is the South?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The apparent killer Norvell—one may as well think of him as that, though his alcoholic aim faltered—is described as a 40-year-old unemployed hardware salesman, mild of habit and speech. On the day of his assault, he drove his wife to Sears Roebuck where she works, and was next seen on the highway shouting, "James! James!" and then firing four, some say three, shots at James with a 16-gauge shotgun from a distance of about 100 feet. The hardware store owner for whom he used to work was dumbfounded—in three years of close association he had never heard him raise his voice on the subject of civil rights. Certainly he wasn't the sort of man whose fury over the civil rights of Negroes would have caused him to go and fire a shotgun at an unarmed, 32-year-old law student? But *something* caused him to do just that, something plus booze apparently, and the South is, as usual, being asked to pay.

Buckley

The next civil rights bill, which seeks in effect to give to the Federal Government *de facto* responsibility for the maintenance of the law in the South, will be the Norvell Law, just as the one last summer should properly be called the Sheriff Park Law, and the one the summer before, the Birmingham Bombers Bill. The reaction against Norvell is to blame the South. The South's sins, as regards the suppression of Negro rights, are scarlet, and one supposes there are many who don't particularly care whether the South is in any sense corporately responsible for this latest piece of hideousness—use it anyway, they argue privately, to press the case against a diseased part of the United States. Someone is needed to face the gale and protest this attitude in the name of the justice the opportunizers are claiming to serve.

Norvell was no more an agent of the South than Oswald was an agent of the Communist Party. The same critics who are calling for a rash of new legislation in protest against Norvell did not, after the assassination, call for a rash of new legislation of a kind that would have haunted the lives of every member of every Communist front in which a future Oswald might conceivably lurk. If the purpose of pending legislation is to extirpate all Norvells from south of the Mason-Dixon line, we shall have to have a civil rights bill every year for the next ten, at which point we shall be able to celebrate the complete conversion of the South into a police state.

The Meredith episode is especially informative because it rubbed in the futility of defense against kamikaze freaks. Norvell could not have hoped to escape detection—with the result that his opportunities for mayhem were greatly increased. We have it from no less an authority than President Kennedy that anyone desiring to assassinate a President who does not fear to lose his own life in the process is sure to succeed. How much more obviously so in the case of assassins pursuing non-Presidents.

Add to this that Meredith was surrounded by no less than fifteen people, among them state and federal officers, including members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Such left hipshooters as Joseph L. Rauh Jr. of the Americans for Democratic Action immediately lobbed a grenade at the Federal Bureau of Investigation for failing to do its duty. Certainly it is true that those particular FBI agents would never win a prize for the fastest draw in the West. But the point is that the protection of such as Meredith against such as Norvell is a practical impossibility, as Attorney General Katzenbach concedes. Neither the FBI, nor state officials, fully armed and fully trained, can guarantee to abort the sneak-crime; and so we are faced here with precisely the same kind of question that faced us after the President's assassination: to what lengths do we wish to go to seal off inorganic criminality, i.e. the crime that cannot be proved to be the natural excrescence of the system?

If the South cannot prevent its killers and bomb-throwers and assassins from doing their dirty work, at least the South should see to it that they are, when apprehended, punished. The exoneration of the apparent killers of Medgar Evers and Mrs. Liuzzo did much to build up the steam which is now exploding. Senator Irvin of North Carolina has raised the point that if we are in effect going to take the administration of justice out of the hands of the South we should do it by a constitutional amendment, so as not to vitiate the Constitution by legislative and judicial erosion: but his voice will be lost. Meanwhile, the court in Hernando, Miss. is not scheduled to convene again until next November, so that Norvell will be sitting around untried all summer, making pressure for the passage of yet another federal law.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

What is the President Waiting For?

Defense Secretary McNamara has just announced commitment of 18,000 more troops to the Vietnam war; the total figure is expected to be close to 400,000 by the end of the year. U.S. casualties are now running above 1,000 weekly, more than 100 of them killed. Admitted U.S. plane losses to enemy action are nearing 300. Money costs are said to be at an annual rate of $18 billion and rising. As non-wars go, this is getting rather impressive.

Burnham

The President's repeated explanations of why U.S. troops are fighting in Vietnam have not been notably persuasive—mostly because they are compounded of irrelevant Liberal abstractions. But he and his aides at least attempt *some* sort of explanation. As to why he continues, in a conflict that has reached this level, to impose such a multitude of restrictions on weapons, tactics and strategy, neither he nor any of his spokesmen has had anything at all to say for a long while. It is time to demand, on this crucial point, an accounting. In truth, the problem can be put in moral terms—a mode much favored in the Presidential rhetoric. By what moral right does the President order hundreds of thousands of young citizens into a distant and most alien land, under conditions that mean death or grievous injury for many thousands of them and hardship for nearly all, and at the same time forbid them to use the most effective available weapons and methods against the enemy.

Those of us who approve firm action in Southeast Asia find ourselves awkwardly placed. We hesitate to criticize the President, because we know this tends to play into the hands of the Vietniks and appeasers; and, in fact, we do wholeheartedly support the President as against the appeasers. Moreover, we realize, or should realize, that in the face of the massive international as well as domestic appeasement pressures, Lyndon Johnson has proved almost incredibly resolute. Criticism thus seems ungrateful as well as inexpedient. But as the war goes on and intensifies, continuing silence from the firm side has the relative effect of multiplying the sounds from the soft. The President's political problem must appear to him to be that of coming to terms with the appeasers—including the appeasers within his official family; of making sufficient concessions to them to patch up his consensus. The hard critics he can take for granted.

Prior to the Korean War it would have been assumed that if we (or any other nation) started fighting against an enemy in the field, the objective would be to defeat the enemy force. Besides using the most suitable military, economic and political weapons, suitably employed, in direct relation to the enemy force, this meant shutting off—so far, at any rate, as feasible—the lines of support, supply and recruitment, and excluding any notion of a privileged sanctuary.

Korea and After

These rules are plain common sense. They were junked in the Korean War—in particular by the failure to use nuclear weapons or to bomb the Chinese bases and airfields beyond the Yalu. Though the Korean restrictions were vigorously defended at the time, I have read no subsequent analysis of the Korean War that considers them justified, and many that consider them to have been catastrophically mistaken. The same restrictions plus a number of others are currently imposed in the Vietnam war. To what conceivable purpose?

So far as I know, two and only two reasons have been publicly stated: first, that the war might otherwise escalate to a level involving direct Chinese intervention or general nuclear exchange; second, that the lower key gives a better chance of negotiating a satisfactory settlement with Hanoi. This second argument is ridiculous on its face, and besides has been disproven by experience. Naturally, the strongest inducement for Hanoi to come to terms would be Hanoi's knowledge that it is being badly hurt and was going to hurt much more badly. As for nuclear escalation, it is absurd to think that the Kremlin would hazard Moscow for Southeast Asia. If Peking were irrational enough to try to use one of its half-dozen nuclear bombs against a U.S. carrier or base, that would merely complete the case for wiping out China's nuclear installations. In fact, the U.S. has not had since the Korean War—which was the perfect moment, since at that time the enemy didn't even possess a nuclear arsenal—a better occasion for using nuclear weapons.

Professionals to the Rescue

A nuclear strike or two on a Vietcong concentration or in North Vietnam would be the best guarantee that Chinese troops would *not* intervene. However, Chinese mass intervention is in any case most improbable. The logistics problem would be all but insuperable. China is totally vulnerable to U.S. air attack. Her nuclear installations are at this stage more a hostage than a threat. Many military strategists would add: so much the better if China *did* come in; the Chinese challenge will have to be met some day, and it won't be easier when she has a functioning nuclear weapons system; let her at least be shown that, if she is going to expand, it will have to be in Siberia.

Our inhibited Vietnam strategy does not seem to express the President's own Texan instincts (though it may be in accord with the wheeler-dealer side of his complex nature); it is most certainly counter to the judgment of our professional military leadership. Perhaps the President ought to consider returning to our traditional command structure, under which the Commander-in-Chief sets the prime objectives of combat, and assigns to the professionals the conduct of operations.

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Ronald Reagan: A Light in the West

The future of Ronald Reagan? Rosy, says the author, as he charts a 'Sacramento, Here We Come' in Reagan's future based on Gov. Brown's poor primary showing

FARLEY CLINTON

The Reagan landslide in California is certainly the most cheerful thing that conservatives, or Republicans, or believers in the two-party system, have seen for a very long time. At this juncture it looks as if he may well be the next governor of California.

"The Republican Party has conclusively shown its preference for the philosophy of Mr. Ronald Reagan over my own belief," the Liberal George Christopher remarked, in conceding the Republican nomination.

This significant admission was wrung from Christopher, not by the fact of Reagan's victory, which all the polls predicted, but the overpowering size of it. In Los Angeles County, where live three million of the state's eight million voters, there was a completely unexpected rush to the polls: there was wider interest, and participation, in this primary than in any other election since Eisenhower's, in 1952. And Los Angeles County came on strong for Ronald Reagan, choosing him over Christopher by about 4-1.

It is noteworthy that all the polls have been predicting for some time that either Reagan or Christopher would defeat Brown in November. But nobody dared say that Brown's opponent, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty (who ran on a straight, simple platform: "Turn Brown out!") could count on more than 20 per cent of the Democratic vote. He actually picked up about 40 per cent of the Democratic vote throughout the state.

Reagan's most impressive showing was that he actually drew more votes in the Republican primary (in which there are barely 3 million Californians registered) than Brown did in the Democratic primary (in which about 4.5 million, or half again as many people, are registered). In other words, Reagan had decidedly the largest popular vote of all gubernatorial candidates in either party; half the registered Republicans in the state went out to vote for him; not much more than a quarter of the registered Democrats paid that compliment to Mr. Brown.

And if it seems optimistic to count on a Reagan victory in November, even after this encouragement, let's look at it the other way and imagine what would be necessary for Reagan to be defeated. One of California's top Democrats, state controller Alan Cranston, has been trying to imagine that, and this is what he has imagined:

"I think virtually all the votes that went to Yorty in the primary cannot go to Reagan and will go to Brown in November. I think many moderate Republican votes cast for Christopher cannot go to Reagan and will go to Brown in November."

Brown's Long Hot Summer

One must point out that, since Reagan is ahead in the popular vote to start out with, if he holds the votes cast for him in the primary, he could afford to lose half the Yorty and Christopher votes to Brown, and still win; but will he lose them? Will Brown gain more than half the Yorty votes, which were cast as a gesture of open rebellion against him, and more than half the Christopher votes, some of which certainly come from ardent Liberals, but many of which simply represent the discipline and loyalty of the Northern California Republican organization, which was politically indebted to Christopher? Everybody assumes (except Mr. Alan Cranston) that the logical direction for many of the Yorty and most of the Christopher people to move is into the Reagan camp.

As the votes mounted up through the evening of June 7, Governor Brown was heard to mutter: "It's going to be a long, hot summer." And indeed through the evening and the next morning, Mayor Yorty absolutely refused to concede the Governor's re-nomination by the Democratic Party, and he seemed to hint that he would not support Brown—just as he refused in 1960 to support Kennedy, and so contributed to Nixon's victory in California.

To the end the rambunctious mayor bluntly refused to admit defeat. "Defeat? Defeat? This wasn't a defeat, it was quite a victory," he cried. Would he support Brown? "I'll decide that later. I'll certainly never support some of the groups that support Brown."

As for Reagan, Yorty said: "I always felt that Reagan was the only candidate Brown could possibly beat. But in view of his tremendous showing, which I think was quite a surprise, I think he has a very good chance." It does not seem very likely, therefore, that Brown can depend on retrieving the 900,000 votes he lost to Yorty in the primary. And there are two factors which perhaps diminish the likelihood of that development even further.

First, many of Yorty's followers are really Republicans anyway, whom Yorty persuaded to re-register as Democrats so that they could support him. Secondly, Mr. Yorty is a man of burning ambition which he makes no effort to conceal. Many observers (check the *New York Times* on this, for example) felt that his entrance into the governors' primary was merely a preliminary to a more serious race for the Senate in 1968. Mr. Brown took the view, as a rule, that it was more dignified not to notice Yorty's savage personal attacks; when he did once briefly admit knowing of Yorty's crusade against him, he called Yorty a "paranoid." (Yorty wore this like a badge of honor. "He'll say anything," he cried on one

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of his TV shows. "The other day he got off a plane and he called me a paranoid.") Yorty had a few names for Brown, too.

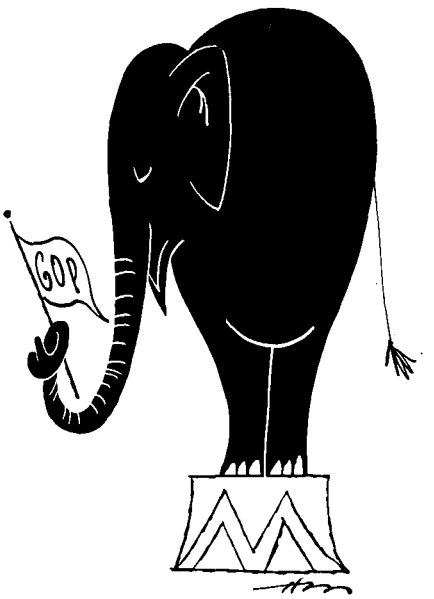
It would seem likely, therefore, that Brown-Yorty relations have deteriorated beyond any hope of their being patched up. And it must strike Mr. Yorty, who is certainly no fool, that it cannot be too healthy for his political future in the Democratic Party in California if Brown does win re-election. Far from seeking any help from these quarters, he has spent his days and nights in denouncing the "Brown machine" and working for its downfall, and it is difficult to see what possible advantage he could gain by helping Brown or the Democratic Party in November.

Perhaps the most striking achievement of Ronald Reagan's is that he has unified the Republican Party of California behind him. He has done this without vindictiveness, without malice, without dogmatic insistence on any specific proposals. He has harped on the necessity for party unity, and he has been listened to in some quarters where many of his conservative ideas find little favor.

He did not betray conservatism or deny it, but he brought into its service some of the pragmatic sense, the charm and the eloquence which in recent years articulate Irishmen have usually expended upon the causes of the political Left. In doing so, he has destroyed the idea that conservatism is doomed in the 1960s.

It was a quiet, non-controversial campaign. Reagan was seldom on television—seldom, at least, compared to Mr. Yorty and Mr. George Christopher—and his appearances were brief, dynamic, and confident, and his words conciliatory. "We assure you all that we have no quarrel with the humanitarian goals of the Great Society," he told the Californian public. "But we believe in government of, and by, as well as *for* the people." It was all in that vein. "Our organization has crossed all factional lines." And it did; he worked with Nixon and Rockefeller men as much as, or more than, the hard core of Goldwater supporters; he will work as graciously and cheerfully as possible with all the Christopher people, and all the Democrats, who jump on the bandwagon.

Consequently, he can reply calmly to Brown's rather desperate charges that he is an extremist. It must be admitted that the Goldwater victory in the California primary of 1964 left scars behind it, and a divided party. But Reagan's victory, even with the total loss of Christopher's



city, San Francisco, and its suburbs, was not 51 per cent but 67 per cent, statewide; and the voters went out in larger numbers than in 1964. "Evidently," says Reagan, "the percentage of the Republican Party that has made this decision must [like our organization] cross all factional lines."

Reagan was helped by the fact that his opponent in the primary was not much of an opponent. He was Mr. George Christopher, a Greek from San Francisco, a very nice man, a businessman (dairies), chubby, irrelevant, totally unattractive to Southern California. He used to be mayor of the strange and charming seaport of San Francisco, most untypical of American cities. (Los Angeles is the most typical, the characteristic American city.) He had made two previous, painfully sincere tries for statewide offices; in both races he was loyally supported by San Francisco, and annihilated by the eight teeming counties (Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, Imperial, Santa Barbara, Orange, Ventura, and Riverside) which are known specifically as "Southern California."

In the election this June the familiar pattern was repeated. Christopher lost almost every county in the state from top to bottom, from Oregon to Mexico, except San Francisco and its immediate suburbs, Marin and San Mateo counties. In these three areas he defeated Reagan; he was 7,000 votes ahead in Marin, 15,000 votes ahead in San Mateo, 30,000 votes ahead in San Francisco. And that was it. Reagan ran very well everywhere else, sometimes by as much as 2-1. And in the heavily populated South the eight counties came through very nicely: Reagan led by 5-1 in Imperial County (that's 87 per cent of the vote), 3-1 in Riverside, 3-1 in San Diego, 4-1 in Orange, 2-1 in Santa Barbara, 4-1 in Ventura, 4-1 in San Bernardino, and very nearly 4-1 in Los Angeles, where essentially he picked up his tremendous statewide lead. He ran 654,000 votes *ahead* of Christopher in Southern California.

In the Democratic race, Brown managed to carry almost every county (not Orange County, of course) but his only really dramatic victories over Yorty were in—San Francisco, San Mateo and Marin counties. There are some indications, therefore, that the election will simply be a North-South fight—or, rather, the San Francisco urban area against the rest of the state. Obviously anti-Brown feeling is strong not only in Southern California but in all parts of the state except San Francisco.

In preferring Brown and Christopher to Yorty and Reagan, San Francisco chose two Northern Californians over two Southern Californians. Christopher of course did not run as a man from the North, nor did he run as a Liberal; he didn't dare emphasize either of these things in Southern California. He appealed to the widespread discontent with Brown, to the Liberal belief that a strong conservative couldn't win a decisive vote, and to the moral certainty that any Republican without some great disadvantage (such as Reagan's conservatism was thought to be) would easily rouse the populace to turn Brown out.

Christopher's line ran thus: I am the only Republican candidate who can win in November and really defeat Brown. Hence a vote for Reagan is a wasted vote. Very few voters believed that; the measure of the general dissatisfaction with Governor Brown is really to be found in the 2 million votes divided between Yorty

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and Reagan rather than in the 600,000 secured by Christopher.

But oddly enough Governor Brown (who has a thoroughly conventional mind, and allowed himself to be governed by the newspaper polls which told him, for example, not to worry about Yorty) believed Christopher's argument. Accordingly, his aides (Brown's) drew the attention of columnist Drew Pearson to Mr. Christopher's arrest, 28 years ago, on misdemeanor charges concerning violation of the milk-price laws by his dairies.

Mr. Christopher was highly incensed and spoke his mind about Mr. Drew Pearson; leading to a number of libel actions all round. In the latest of these to be widely publicized, Christopher is counter-suing Pearson (who has for some reason sued him) and is demanding $6 million.

It is universally admitted that the cunning of Brown's political hacks is entirely responsible for this shabby business. They were not cunning enough to have any idea of the enormous groundswell which had already gathered around Reagan, and they were anxious that he should win since (the polls said) he was less certain of beating Brown than Christopher. They did manage to send Christopher into a complete tailspin. He spent the last weeks of the campaign appearing on television to deny all the charges against him—without stating what they were, so that he gave an impression that they were more serious and disturbing than was the case. Christopher soon lost heart completely; conceded the election almost before the returns were in; announced his withdrawal from public life; and refused to speak to the press again.

All this has helped Reagan in a way no one had expected. His campaign has revealed his fundamental and convinced conservatism mainly by its strongly moralistic tone and the impression of sincerity and simplicity which he communicates even to his most convinced opponents.

Brown's best hope must come from the people who didn't vote at all on June 7. There may well be many of these, who took his election for granted and didn't bother to vote. Some observers will go so far as to say that his entire strength now lies with the Negroes and the unions—classes of voters who may have been under-represented in the primary. There is, these people will tell you, simply no one at all in the middle and upper classes of Southern California who isn't thoroughly tired of Pat Brown and anxious to see the last of him. This may be so. It is certainly true that Mayor Yorty's votes came entirely from white people; this was only to be expected, after he had been loud, violent, and tedious in insisting that all the racial trouble which has disturbed Los Angeles is the result of agitation by Communists. I do not think it is fair to say that Yorty's vote was entirely, or primarily, an anti-Negro vote. He made many, many other points in the course of his week-long saturation of the air waves. But it is noteworthy that, after the entire Negro vote had been driven by force into Brown's arms, through Yorty's harangues, the Governor was still unable to do any better than he did. There cannot have been many white people in Los Angeles County who voted for him. Certainly they were few, compared to those who voted for Anybody Else, i.e., Yorty. Yorty may be said, not so much to defend conservative ideas, as (unconsciously) to caricature them. But nobody, except the Negroes whom he foolishly insulted, really minded. Reagan is not foolish, and he will not insult them; so why should they necessarily object to Reagan?

It's Paradise

Ideals of social protest, or of utopianism, were conceived in Berlin, or London, or in the rainy autumn of Paris. They have been transplanted to chilly Boston and its suburbs with some success. But they never existed in Naples; and they do not survive here, on the beaches, or under the orange trees. Southern California, to its inhabitants, is Paradise already; and no idea is more repugnant to them than change; change in any form, to Right or Left, for any reason. Even the French Communists do not try to make converts among the crowds at St. Tropez or Nice, and if they came to Los Angeles they would be similarly overwhelmed by the spirit of the place. Most people who have come to live in Los Angeles were fairly well off before they came. When they came, they conceived an affection and a sort of passion for the place that they never felt for Iowa or Kansas; and they forgot their troubles and their loyalties even if they came from New York, even if they were poor, or Catholic, or Jewish, or for some other reason bound by heredity and upbringing to the Democratic Party. The social minorities, somewhat disdained by America as a whole, somewhat alienated, potentially radical, which have since the 1890s been bound together in the East and Midwest by the Democratic Party, simply do not exist here. There is no role for a political party with such preoccupations, and in fact all difference between the parties, all sense of loyalty to one party rather than another, has very largely disappeared.

One would expect, in the light of what we hear today about the threat of too rapid a growth of population, that Los Angeles and its environs would have sunk into the depths of poverty and malnutrition. For the population has increased by 7000 per cent in sixty years, a city of 100,000 people growing to one of 7-million. But the opposite has happened. Everybody is richer than he ever was before and the sudden wealth of a lot of newcomers, in a very mild but sunny country, has created a society of almost complete social democracy. For this reason, also, there is simply no role for a strong party which dallies with socialist nostrums. It is true that the state government has gone very far indeed along a socialist path; but this only cuts off demand and desire for such things—reformers whose objects have been achieved have no place to go—and makes it still harder for anyone but a conservative to play a role in Californian politics. As California looms larger and larger in the life of the nation, as Los Angeles grows nearer and nearer to the rank of the first city in the nation, the effect upon national politics will unquestionably be to strengthen the cause of conservatism. California played a large role in securing the nomination of Goldwater in 1964, and it already seems very likely that, under a committed conservative governor, California will play a decisive role in the counsels of the Republican Presidential convention of 1968.

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The Reagan Saga

MORRIE RYSKIND

You can't always go by the adages. Sometimes politics is the art of the impossible. Take Ronald Reagan's shattering sweep of the Republican primary in California on his very first time out.

Twenty years ago, had you prophesied such a staunch Democrat would one day go to Sacramento as the leader of a basically conservative GOP, you would unceremoniously have been carted away for psychiatric observation. And yet right now—despite the Democratic 3 to 2 edge in registration—that's a mighty good bet.

Some devout Republicans would attribute this metamorphosis to divine intervention. Yet, though I, too, thank Providence for it, I doubt that Heaven takes an active hand in American politics—at least not lately. A sizable number of current officeholders makes that notion completely untenable. And besides, the Record shows that when the Lord performs a miracle, He does it instantaneously. He does not need twenty years to bring it about.

My own analysis indicates the radical shift is of earthier origin. And that the two principal catalytic agents were Karl Marx and—hold your hat—Barry Goldwater. Don't go away—hear me out.

In the early '40s, Ronnie seemed a typical Hollywood Liberal, convinced that all virtue resided in the Democratic Party alone. But there was one slight difference between him and his fellows: Ronnie was educable, which, alas, few Hollywood Liberals were—or are. He began to wonder about Jeffersonian groups where anti-fascist declarations were adopted viva voce, but where anti-Communist resolutions were shouted down with cries of "Capitalist scum!" and "Witch hunter!"

It was when he stood firmly in the Screen Actors' Guild against the open attempt of the Marxists to take over that he found out how rough the comrades can get. Anti-Communists would find their cars smashed on the studio lots and have bricks thrown through their windows. Little things like that give one to think and, though Reagan remained enrolled as a Democrat, the seeds of doubt had been planted. And from those opening doubts there developed, slowly but surely, the grand heresy that eventually brought him to the complete renunciation of the Welfare State.

About eight years ago, Ronnie began speaking out vigorously and convincingly in defense of limited government and the capitalist system, so well that he was constantly in demand. Here let me be a name-dropper, for at various times I have recommended him to conservative groups in different sections of the country and in each instance received warm notes of thanks for having done so.

But that still left him known only to a comparative few as a speaker on politics. It was not, indeed, until he made the most effective TV speech of the whole Goldwater campaign—the one that Liberals have sneered at as "The Speech"—that he caught fire nationally. Delivered over the protests of some Goldwater advisers, it turned out to be the highlight of what had been till then, for whatever reason, a lackluster presentation of the conservative philosophy. It was that ringing reaffirmation of the genuine libertarian position that catapulted Ronnie into national prominence. Money literally poured in—enough to have the speech reproduced in many localities—and a new political star had appeared on the horizon.

When California Republicans began to think about 1966, they had tried and true material anxious to run: Goodwin Knight had been governor; Christopher had served as mayor of San Francisco; and Joe Shell was an able and respected legislator with friends state-wide.

But Vox Populi, still enchanted by the charisma of "The Speech," called clearly for the man who had made it and turned to the untested Reagan. In all the preliminary sparring, the other potential candidates got warm applause, but Ronnie got the standing ovations. Only Christopher failed to read the handwriting on the wall.

Ronnie received exceptional volunteer backing in piling up his record vote; indeed, the Reagan forces had more organizations throughout the state than all the other gubernatorial candidates put together. I read a good deal about apathy but I know—my wife was a precinct chairman—there was none in the Reagan troops. If there was a possible Reagan vote, they got it.

I watched Ronnie at various turnouts and he adhered religiously to the "11th Commandment"—not to attack his Republican opponents—but hammered away at the record of Pat Brown. And after his talk, he made it a point to throw the meeting open to questions, with no holds barred. That way lie booby-traps, but he faced them unafraid. And the audience ate it up. I doubt Christopher would have won in any case, but his violation of the "11th Commandment" definitely backfired with undecided voters—and may not have set well with his own troops. At any rate, even before all the votes were in, a number of Christopher workers had pledged Ronnie their support. At long last, there is an excellent chance of a united party behind the nominee.

The Brown forces, to put it mildly, are not too happy with the election results. Brown's running mate, Glenn Anderson, mourns: "In nominating Reagan, California Republicans rejected the advice of their most respected leader, Senator Kuchel." And, adds controller Alan Cranston, hopefully: "Many who voted for Christopher will turn to Brown."

That's intriguing, inasmuch as the Brown camp was admittedly instrumental in raking up old charges which painted Christopher as a chiseler and law-breaker. Had Christopher won, it would follow that they would be saying, "Alas, the GOP has succumbed to its criminal wing, aided and abetted by the mob's mouthpiece, Senator Kuchel." And asking the good, law-abiding Reaganites to vote for Brown.

Pat's obviously scared—and I don't blame him. But he has the comforting knowledge that none of the 86,149 in Los Angeles County whose vote for Assessor went to Communist Dorothy Healey, will go for Ronnie in November.

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El Gallo Colorao Ha Ganao or, What Happened in Santo Domingo

Miss Huck, an old Dominica hand, was on the spot June 1. She says Joaquín Balaguer's overwhelming victory was a mandate for peace and order

SUSAN HUCK

Santo Domingo, D. R.

El gallo colorao is the red fighting cock, symbol of the Reformista Party of Dr. Joaquín Balaguer, President-elect of the Dominican Republic. The double surprise of June first was the Reformista Party's overwhelming victory in what turned out to be about the cleanest election in Latin American history.

The quality of the election was the first surprise. There were many reasons for it, and the credit may be distributed generously, but the main reason seemed to be that the people wanted it that way. Everywhere, there was a sober, patient good humor among the voters. Perhaps each party was so confident of victory that it felt tolerant; in the case of the more militant, perhaps there was also a confidence in their ability to reverse a loss at the polls by violence. But whatever less noble reasons may have obtained for some, the Dominicans as a whole went to the polls with quiet pride, as though determined to do this thing right. As a result, there was very little accusation of fraud, and virtually no intimidation.

At last report, the vote stood at about 754,409 for Dr. Joaquín Balaguer, 517,783 for Juan Bosch, and 45,000 for the third candidate, Rafael Bonnelly. This means that Balaguer won a solid 60 per cent of the total popular vote.

However, there was a serious difference of opinion between the urban population of Santo Domingo and the rest of the country. The vote revealed the true extent of this cleavage.

In the Distrito Nacional, meaning Santo Domingo and environs, Bosch won 60 per cent of the vote, while in the rest of the country, less the Distrito Nacional, Balaguer received 66 per cent of the vote. That is, Bosch won by a landslide in the capital, and Balaguer won by a larger landslide elsewhere. The danger of this difference was immediately manifest in sporadic mob actions in the capital. However, the threat of a serious leftist uprising would seem to diminish daily, as the bulk of the Bosch voters grow accustomed to the idea of defeat and accept it. The major problem is to dampen provocations from any quarter while this acceptance grows.

Dominicans were simply tired of violence, threats, agitation, disorder and confusion. The propaganda of fanatics and the irresponsible destructiveness of juvenile mobs cannot long be clothed with noble motives; their nature becomes harder to disguise. Those who run around with guns and bombs become outnumbered by their victims. Even police of doubtful quality are preferable to murderous young *tigres,* directed by foreign agents, roaming the night.

Juanito Come Lately

Juan Bosch did not offer relief from this. He tried, belatedly and ineffectively, to dissociate himself from the Reds and hoodlums, but very few found him credible. In the last week of the campaign, perhaps succumbing to his truly impressive persecution complex, Bosch told his partisans to go to the polls in bands of ten or more, armed with "sticks and stones."

When Balaguer promised reform, not revolution, and peace rather than violence, he was credible. Not, perhaps to the indoctrinated youths of Santo Domingo, who gloomily tallied up the crimson ballots for Balaguer to the chant of *"sangre, sangre"*; not to those with a realistic concern for Bosch's life expectancy should he be elected, and not, of course, to those who think in terms of clichés like *"trujillista."* But the Dominicans already knew Balaguer, and came to know him better. He is not the sort of person to initiate a bloodbath, overturn all social order, follow a theory to the bitter end—or even indulge an idle whim, for that matter.

The promise of peace, stability, and reform was doubtless decisive. Balaguer was able to rally to his side even some of the 14th of June Movement people—those who were basically nationalist, who tired of their Communist leadership and the Red banners of Lenin flying over their meetings, and eventually came to see the "intervention" as the lesser of two evils.

Balaguer was heavily supported by the poor, uneducated, religious, and conservative *campesinos* of the countryside. In Marxist theory, agitation and propaganda should make such people second only to the urban proletariat in revolutionary zeal. The *campesinos* were exposed to this sort of thing—but perhaps not on the desired scale. The Communist-influenced government bureaucracy, including the administration of the state-owned enterprises, especially the sugar industry, provided some taste of leftist power. It was too often effective, but in some cases it backfired, as when the methods used by *boschistas* to extract party dues and general conformity from hapless sugar workers gave Balaguer a majority at the huge state-owned Rio Haina complex.

Military men on active duty are not allowed to vote, but Bosch's grandstand play of mid-May, when he threatened to withdraw from the election unless the Dominican armed forces were confined to quarters for the next few weeks, did not endear him to the families and friends of servicemen. More importantly politically, most officers did not relish being commanded by the likes of Caamaño Deñó or Montes Arache, and perhaps eventually replaced by a "people's militia." Finally, it is one thing to deplore the size and cost of the military establishment, and quite another thing to perform major surgery on it

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during a period of civil strife and huge unemployment.

No doubt Balaguer won a large proportion of the women's vote. The promise of peace from a man so obviously gentle as Balaguer appealed to women who gain nothing from political gangsterism. It may be assumed that many a hothead's vote was canceled by that of his pregnant wife.

Balaguer reserved *his* grandstand play for the ladies. It seems that women generally stand aside from affairs of government and business, and consequently forget about *cédulas*, or identity cards. However, a *cédula* was required to vote, and many women could not obtain one soon enough. So Balaguer, a week after Bosch had gotten away with it, threatened to quit the race unless obviously mature women were permitted to vote without identity cards. It worked.

The middle class would be expected to vote for the candidate offering stability, rule of law, respect for property, and the best chance of economic development. But most of Balaguer's speeches were aimed at the poor, promising lower prices and more jobs, for instance.

Bosch's main numerical support probably came from the urban youth —not necessarily poor, either. The mob scenes did not feature tattered and shoeless people, but rather well-dressed teenagers. When agitated by "intellectuals" such as infest the University of Santo Domingo, these young boys are sadly susceptible to the notion that, through riot and destruction, they can earn the right to run the nation. It is a commentary on the times that such an idea can get off the ground at all. Even with the voting age set at eighteen, Bosch lost a lot of militants' votes; they were just too young to vote!

On the other hand, Bosch lost points, and possibly votes, for his now well-noted tendency to be elsewhere when the lead flies—even if in his name. He became known as "Juan Cueva" (cellar) by emerging only twice in nine months from his residence. True, his life was in danger, but people shoot at Balaguer, too. Who needs a President who is afraid to step outside the door?

Bosch's campaign was conducted entirely through radio broadcasts consisting mainly of the pointed little stories for which he is famous, but also featuring boastful overconfidence. The "field work" was done by leftist enthusiasts who, among other things, impeded "feedback" by so intimidating *balagueristas* that they would rarely confess their sentiments in public, for fear of a drubbing by gangs of kids. But they were given the opportunity to react at the polls.

From his little fortress, surrounded by admirers and hacks, Bosch was in no position to know how the country as a whole was responding, and he was doubtless genuinely stunned at the outcome. Oddly, Liberal visitors never remarked upon the way in which Bosch was guarded by black-uniformed elite guards, *hombres ranas*, and had to be approached through a series of waiting rooms, suitably waited in, before being admitted to the Presence via elaborate secret knockings and counter-knockings on the door! Sounds almost fascist! By contrast, Balaguer's home was wide open to everybody and his brother for a full year, and Balaguer grew thin and deeply tanned during his strenuous nationwide campaigning.

Joaquín Balaguer

The outlook for the Dominican Republic is certainly better than it has been for a long time. President-elect Balaguer is a stable, sensible, highly-intelligent man, hard-working and willing to give attention to detail. The human resources at his command are hardly inspiring, but one may hope that he will get the best out of them. United States aid to the Dominican Republic will never reach the $300 million asked for; the general view is that it may go to $80 million a year. Spent well, it could do the job.

The Communists have made themselves rather conspicuous during the past year. Now that the politically-sensitive police need no longer fear that they may be rapping the skull of the future Minister of Something, there will be less restraint about breaking up riots. Thus far, since the election, all "manifestations" have been smothered by immediate and determined police action. Balaguer has stated his intention of disarming the civilians, "without discrimination." As for disarming his supporters, "lots of luck," but he can get enthusiastic cooperation in disarming the Reds in Santo Domingo. The anti-Communists are through fooling around.

Bosch's future is hard to read. He has tried twice to leave the country, since June 1, but whoever is running the country (problematical, during the month of June) has decided that he ought to stay, presumably in order to help damp down his fiery supporters. Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party won about one-seventh of the deputies and a handful of senators in the Congress, and will thus have a minority voice. Balaguer's offer of a "position in the government" can amount to anything; Bosch does not seem the "loyal opposition" type, however. A more suitable position might turn out to be *chargé d'affaires* in Afghanistan. General opinion in Santo Domingo was that, despite his denials, he would probably leave for Mexico, Costa Rica, or Puerto Rico soon.

The Inter-American Peace Force will probably pull out sometime this summer. There was some talk of its leaving before Balaguer's inauguration, July 1, but this could be achieved only by disorderly and wasteful procedures, at this point. Military authorities say that the IAPF would require 30 days from a standing start to get out, and they haven't started standing yet.

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All That Glitters . . . .

K. J. CULLINANE

At one point during last year's gold reserve controversy in the House, Rep. Claude Pepper rebuked those members opposed to the removal of existing gold backing of Federal Reserve Bank deposits, stating that continued reliance on gold would limit the monetary expansion necessary for continued progress. According to Pepper, gold backing is restrictive, the full "faith, credit and assets" of the system being considered adequate.—

NEWS ITEM

I once had a friend who owned an automobile and had a license to drive it. It was, therefore, assumed that he understood the nature of automobility. I now conclude, however, that if he truly understood the nature of automobility (as he was sure that he did) then I must not understand it at all. Or it must be said that we truly do operate in this life on two different planes of reality. The following episode will illustrate.

One day, my friend asked that I ride to town with him in his car, which I agreed to do. When we had gotten to town, my friend stopped at a junkyard and asked the dealer how much he would offer for the brake system of the automobile in which we were riding. I felt, of course, that my friend was not serious, or that he planned to install a new brake system on the spot, or that he was talking about something which would take place in the indefinite future.

I became more concerned when my friend and the junk dealer began to remove the brake system. This course of action, after all, eliminated two of the three possibilities upon which I had speculated. Not knowing exactly what my friend had in mind, and not wishing to become unduly excited over something about which I knew very little, I began to look around for the substitute brake system. I could see nothing reasonable anywhere. Still, my friend and his friend (and adviser), the junkman, talked and acted as if they knew exactly what they were doing.

In the face of their enthusiasm and seeming knowledge, it was some time before I ventured a question. "What are you doing?" I asked tentatively.

"We are eliminating an outdated system which impedes our forward progress," was the reply. They seemed so serious about it, in a friendly enough way, that I somehow didn't feel like bursting into laughter. You would have to have been there to appreciate my situation.

"What are you going to put in its place?" I offered.

"Kevin," my friend said kindly, "The brake as such is an antique relic of the earliest days of automobiles. If we remove this system impeding our forward progress, what purpose would we be serving by replacing it with some other impediment?"

"Well," I said. "It's nice to have brakes in a car." Somehow this seemed to come out defensively.

"If you *think* it is a nice thing to have, and therefore look to it as a security symbol, then *psychologically* the brake is a good thing. Do you see?" my friend asked with gentle interest.

"Of course," I replied. When one mentions a word like "psychologically" and then asks if you see, "of course" seems to pop out. Besides, there was nothing false, per se, in his remark.

Automobubbling

"To a student of automobility, however, the accelerator has come to be understood as the real driving force. By a judicious use of the accelerator, adding gas when needed for forward motion, and reducing the gas during periods of full speed, the course of the automobile is made smoother and we avoid the sharp stops and starts inherent in the old system. In fact, without the psychological crutch offered by this superstitious relic, and the negative attitude its function assumes, we are better off than before."

My friend certainly had a novel interpretation of the interrelation of the accelerator and the brake, and their respective roles in automobility. It was a new way of looking at it; refreshingly new was the way my friend described it. I naturally didn't want to seem reactionary without knowing all the facts and, besides, the junkman was nodding and smiling at everything my friend said. I figured surely he must know quite a bit about cars and what made them function. (Had I thought it out, I might have reflected on the condition of those cars on which the junkman based his knowledge.)

However it was, I found myself attempting to justify my traditional concept of the brake in terms other than a negative check on forward motion. I could not. Still protesting feebly, I got in and we drove off.

The road was long and flat and we made good time. My friend ran a few trials with the accelerator, and sure enough, he did have control. He could stop the car, but without the sharp jerking or jolting.

We approached a long incline and my friend applied the gas with vigor. "Can you see how a brake would get in the way at a time like this?" he asked as we pulled slowly and relentlessly up the hill.

"Yeah," I replied, but somehow, with the crest of the hill in sight, I felt even less sure of the underlying logic which was motivating my friend.

"If you have no *faith*," he observed, "then of course you will feel fear. But your fears are due to your lack of faith, not to any inherent shortcoming in the system."

By now, my uneasiness had grown to mammoth proportions and I only wanted to be free of his talk. Just as we got to the top, I opened the door and jumped from the car. It was a radical thing to do, I guess, but as my friend started down the long hill, I somehow felt justified in my strange behavior.

As I picked myself up and dusted off, it dawned on me that no justification for the negative effect of a brake on the forward movement of a car was needed; because, not all forward motion represents, uh, progress.

My friend had reached a terrific rate of "progress" just before the bend in the road. They say it was quite a crash.

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Letter from Germany

Surprise for Karl Jaspers

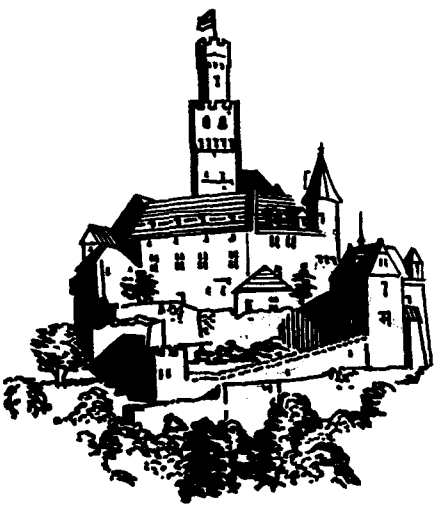
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

May 8, 1966 will go down in the history of journalism as a day on which the *New York Times* clarified what it considers fit to print, and what not. On that day, the *New York Times* published a report by Mr. Philip Shabecoff in which the American public was let in on the worst-kept secret of German publishing: that Karl Jaspers, the great philosopher, disagrees with Konrad Adenauer.

Now these two old men (Jaspers: 83, Adenauer: 90) are indubitably the two greatest living Germans, and may be titillated to find how fundamentally they disagree. But why, indeed, shouldn't they? Germany, after all, is a full-fledged member of the pluralistic society and, like any other halfway sane nation, the country is loaded with dissent. Thank God for this! The more the Germans agree to disagree, the better they fit into civilized society. And, unlike some of America's contemporary social philosophers, Karl Jaspers sticks to the ancient old-fashioned obligation of his craft to warn society against the evils of power and the arrogance of government. The *New York Times* headlined the Shabecoff story: "Germans Warned On Dictatorship"; subhead: "Philosopher Fears Parties Are Replacing Democracy." Unfortunately, the story itself purports to convey the general trend of Karl Jaspers' new book, *Whither Goes the Federal Republic?*—but it stops at what the *New York Times* does not consider fit to print. For, *horribile dictu*, Karl Jaspers (and this is the only true sensation in his new book) advocates military intervention by the West against Red China's atomic armament. And of this you will find no mention in the *New York Times'* extensive report.

Jaspers' recommendation is unequivocal—no whens, ifs and buts. He agrees with most military analysts that Red China's military capacity, at this moment, and for a few very short years to come, is extraordinarily limited; and that, therefore, preventive Western action could hope for a quick knockout blow at Red China's nuclear arsenal using only limited "conventional" force. Jaspers comes out flatly for "the destruction of all production facilities of atomic bombs in China" to prevent her from becoming "a ruinous, radically totalitarian and empirical power." This "act of force in the defense of existence and freedom for all," says Jaspers, "is possible today for the benefit of the whole world" because "today China cannot protect herself against it."

Thus, Karl Jaspers. He happens to be, not only Germany's greatest philosopher, but probably also the Old World's greatest living philosophical and moral authority. Jaspers, in other words, is clearly a prime member of that academic elite on whose approval (misnamed "world



opinion") the *New York Times* usually wants American policy to be based. No European of Jaspers' stature has ever uttered a word of doubt concerning America's Vietnam policy without getting a clamorous amplification from the *New York Times*. For the *Times* is profoundly impressed by great minds—providing, of course, those minds are profoundly impressed by the *New York Times* and its political prejudices. If, on the other hand, a mind of Jaspers' order recommends a Western attack on Peking's A-bomb, the *New York Times* ignores it.

Yet Jaspers' suggestion was highly "newsworthy," on the simple grounds of journalistic interest. If a Continental intellectual of Jaspers' rank advocates American military intervention against Red China, this *is* man bites dog. And an American newspaper that does not report such an event is simply incompetent. The *Times* was in possession of the story, for it was in possession of Jaspers' book. Since the *Times* prides itself on employing only competent reporters, one must, should one not, assume that Mr. Shabecoff has understood what he has read, and has dutifully reported the decisive highlight of Jaspers' book? But if he has not done so—and his story, as published, gives no hint of Jaspers' dramatic proposal—should one not conclude that the editors have arbitrarily manipulated his copy?

They cannot offer the excuse of "space restriction": an entire column of *Times* print was devoted to a condensation of Jaspers' remaining thesis —a rather banal and highly repetitious rehash of all the conventional arguments Germany's leftist intellectuals usually recite against their government. Jaspers, who is decidedly one of them, is, after all, the granddaddy of contemporary German intellectualism and, therefore, must be allowed to repeat what he himself once said for the first time. But the *New York Times?* Why should an American newspaper, and the "greatest" to boot, ponderously reheat such old chestnuts?

Simply because whatever is said against the West German Government is fit to print in the *New York Times*. Not considered fit to print, on the other hand, has been a sensational news story that might encourage a meaningful and active American policy in Asia, or anywhere else. Professor Jaspers would be ill-advised to blame Mr. Shabecoff, presumably a competent reporter, for the misplaced thrust of the story. Instead, he should try to understand what more sophisticated American audiences have known for a long, long time: that "the world's greatest newspaper" is not above manipulating news for propagandistic purposes.

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The Negro-Jewish Confrontation

Negro anti-Semitism in the big cities is a fact, says Mr. Geltman. He suggests that Jewish shopkeepers move out of Watts and Harlem and that Negroes go into trade

MAX GELTMAN

Ralph Ellison, the distinguished Negro American novelist and critic, once observed that Jewish intellectuals made him feel "uncomfortable" whenever he found them writing "as though *they* were guilty of enslaving my grandparents, or as though the *Jews* were responsible for the system of segregation." Ellison wrote in answer to Professor Irving Howe, who had counseled the Negro to adopt a "clenched fist" attitude if he were to fulfill himself as a "writer with a black skin." The Ellison-Howe exchange is worth recalling if only to help point up the tenuous relationship that exists on almost all levels of the Negro-Jewish confrontation. For it is a confrontation—and one that has been building for a long time.

Tremors of the confrontation between Jews and Negroes were first detected from afar; they were picked up by no less a personality than Feodor Dostoevski. Suddenly, and probably for the first time in recorded history, the Jew is charged with exploiting the Negro much as he had been charged with practicing usury against white Christians. From Dostoevski's *Diary of a Writer* we learn how Dostoevski's worst suspicions were confirmed when he read in *Vestnik Europi* that "American Jews in the Southern states have fallen *en masse* upon the millions of liberated Negro slaves" and were preparing to enslave them anew in their own "golden" chains.

That Dostoevski's tale is completely without foundation doesn't reduce the significance of its being the first such apprehension of Negro-Jewish relationships in America. Before Dostoevski most of the allusions to Jews and Negroes were employed for invidious racial comparison. But now we have the proper gloss which has since helped to strengthen the rationale for prejudice—on both sides.

Otto Fenichel, in a psychoanalytic study of the subject, has pointed out the need to beware of the so-called rational motivations behind the anti-Semite's assertions. (The Jew is rich—that is why he is hated; he is poor—that is why he is despised; he is always washing himself, ritually—he is dirty; he is too damn smart—he is dumb; he has no creative ability—he monopolizes all art; he is a do-gooder—he is an exploiter; etc., etc.) "The anti-Semite arrives at his hate of the Jew," says Fenichel, "by a process of displacement, stimulated from without. He sees in the Jew everything which brings him misery—not only his social oppressor but also his own unconscious instincts, which have gained a bloody, dirty, dreadful character from their socially induced repressions."

Jews As Scapegoats

One may deduce from this that despite the fact—or perhaps because of it—that Jewish boys and girls were in the forefront of those "going to Mississippi," the mass discontent required for massive anti-Semitism may be provided in America by Negroes, all other social groupings identifying with the dominant white population, with the Jew, once again, left in the unpleasant and dangerous position of scapegoat.

At a public meeting in Mount Vernon, New York, on February 3, 1966, CORE leader Clifford H. Brown blurted out that "Hitler made one mistake when he didn't kill enough of you Jews." One may concede that tempers must have been running pretty high for Mr. Brown to have been goaded into so outrageous a statement. But James Farmer's mild rebuke to his subordinate prompted Will Maslow of the American Jewish Congress to resign from CORE with a statement that "racism is racism."

This episode had been preceded by the first bloody riots in Watts in which many Jewish-owned stores were sacked. (The *Jewish Daily Forward* referred to the riots as "pogroms.") A young Negro pointed out to a television reporter the "Jew store" he had helped to pillage and burn. A year earlier, in Philadelphia, the local leader of the NAACP had denounced all Jewish leaders in the civil rights movement as "a bunch of phonies." Challenged to clarify his remarks, he asserted that he meant "all so-called Northern white Liberals." He then went on to berate the "thieving merchants" as among the worst of the Negroes' exploiters, adding: "The only Negro store that got wrecked [in the riots of 1964] was owned by a man named Richberg. They thought he was a Jew."

Reading hastily, one might conclude that the indictment of Jews by Negroes as "Liberals" *and* "thieving merchants" is contradictory. But it is not. It is this dual identification of the Jew by a disgruntled population in general and by minority groups in particular which is so often at the root of both open and concealed forms of anti-Semitism. Hoping to transfer a compassion denied him when he was the underdog, the Jew can be found at the forefront in the struggle for rights. He is also at the same time known for the property he owns (but does not live in); the store he operates in a neighborhood generally hostile to him; his ability to achieve financial success despite adversity, which is often regarded with suspicion by the less competent; and, finally, for the fact that he no more wants a "racial balance" in his neighborhood and in his children's school than the rest of the white population. After all, he maintains, he did not move to the suburbs for nothing.

Despite the efforts of well-meaning

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Jewish spokesmen, Jews in America may be in for some mighty hard times because of the very fact that the Negro sees them both as exploiters and defenders. This dual identification is not new at all. It was common in Germany before Hitler for the Jew to be denounced as both Communist and capitalist—and in the same breath. It is new only insofar as his relationship with the Negro community is concerned. To the Negro, the Jew in Harlem (or Watts) is as visible a minority as the Negro is to the white population as a whole. When Langston Hughes looked out about him in the Harlem of the 1920s and saw the Jew as pawnbroker or old clothes man, he gave expression to the feelings of many by composing a minor blues which he called "Hard Luck":

When hard luck overtakes you
Nothin' for you to do.
When hard luck overtakes you
Nothin' for you to do . . .
Gather up yo' fine clothes
An' sell 'em to de Jew.

A generation later James Baldwin would say: "Just as society must have a scapegoat, so hatred must have a symbol. Georgia has the Negro. Harlem has the Jew."

'Sick Of You Cats'

In the same way, two Negro intellectuals at a recent "speakout" in Greenwich Village disowned the "martyrdom" of Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner on the grounds that they had gone to Mississippi to "assuage their conscience." When one of those present rose to protect mildly and made small reference to the six million Jews killed by the Nazis, Archie Shepp, a jazz musician, retorted that he was "sick of you cats talking about the six million Jews." The other Negro spokesman, playwright LeRoi Jones, told the audience that "our enemies" include "most of you who are listening." According to the *New York Times,* which reported the event, most of those present were white Liberals. Chances are they were also most of them Jewish.

Now if the men at the top, the intellectuals engaged in the Negro-Jewish dialogue, cannot face each other without recrimination and barbaric insults, what can be expected from the antagonists in the ranks? One can predict that when the intellectuals get through exhorting the masses, and the "bloody-minded professors" are finished cajoling their classes, there will be left only the final confrontation of the mobs in the streets. We are still far from that final confrontation—and it need not come at all if both sides would exercise a bit of prudent caution. In short, it is time for a separation. Let each group go its own way for a while, at least until the time when the distorted images of each are brought back into better focus.

To a degree, this separation—or disengagement—is perhaps already taking place. I am told that the editor of a leading Zionist journal will not publish any more of the hate pieces of LeRoi Jones, and the executive director of the American Jewish Congress has withdrawn from the Congress of Racial Equality, which is a good thing whatever the reasons for the withdrawal. (A disquieting factor in this development is the recent entry of the American Jewish Committee into the Watts arena. With anti-Jewish feelings almost endemic in the community, the presence of Committee personnel seeking preconceived solutions to deep-seated resentments and prejudices probably did little to diminish the fury of the recent explosion in Watts. For Sol Goldman, however, who had his clothing shop burned out the year before only to have it looted once again, the chances are—despite all the Committee's urgings—that he won't be around for the fire next time.)

Meanwhile, Whitney Young Jr. of the National Urban League believes the civil rights movement is in crisis. As he sees it, after all the laws have been passed the problem of inner conviction remains—it is what is in the hearts of men that counts. But has not this been the problem all along? Only, the Northern white Liberal has understood it less, perhaps, than the Southern white segregationist. In the end the South will probably make an easier adjustment in point of law than the North will in point of conscience. However much a Negro is looked down upon in the South, he is almost never denied his human existence, his visible and contactual being. It is in the North that he is the real "invisible man," in Ellison's definition, the man nobody ever talks with, converses with, plays with or plans with —except in the abstract. The same truth is implicit in Dick Gregory's jest when he tells us, "In the South, they don't care how close I get so long as I don't get too big. In the North, they don't care how big I get so long as I don't get too close."

Faulkner, who saw the Negro whole, never missed seeing him as a human being capable of, and often transcending, the limited hell of his environment. Indeed it is possible to envision a greater improvement in the conditions of the Negro in the Delta areas before they improve in Harlem. At least in the South he is not customarily spoken to in the language of double-think, which tells him he is both equal and unequal at the same time. You are just as good as I am, the Northern white Liberal tells him, but your schools are unruly trouble spots because too many of *your* children attend the same school. He is told Harlem is a ghetto, a term borrowed from an alien culture where ghetto meant ghetto, not slum. (Without the closed-in wall and the forced confinement a community is not a ghetto, however ugly. In terms of reality, East Germany is a ghetto, Harlem is not.)

Auto-Emancipation

In an area where man's essential dignity and manhood are involved, it were best for outsiders—all outsiders —to stay out. In the final analysis the emancipation of any minority is a problem in "auto-emancipation." More important, now that all, or almost all, the laws are on the books, the ultimate truth of the Negro in America is the same truth for any free man anywhere. The constant iteration and reiteration of his pains and fragmented tortures and agonies can only canker the soul—the souls of white men as well as black. As Ralph Ellison has put it:

> There is also an American Negro tradition which teaches one to deflect racial provocation and to master and contain pain. It is a tradition which abhors as obscene any trading on one's anguish for gain or sympathy; which springs not from a desire to deny the harshness of existence but from a will to deal with it as men at their best have always done. It takes

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fortitude to be a man and no less to be an artist.

To be a man. How old must one be to assert one's essential manliness?

Perhaps the greatest damage now being done the young Negro—especially in the large urban areas—is the awful confrontation presented to him in the so-called integrated school. Unless he is basketball or track material, the Negro boy in an academic high school tends to be more inhibited in his learning than if he attended school in a more congenial (homogeneous) atmosphere. Professor Eli Ginsberg has observed that "a Negro student who attends an interracial school in the North may encounter other psychological obstacles. His teachers are usually white. This fact alone may inhibit the quality of his performance. The Negro may be further inhibited by repeated failures to meet the competition of better-prepared white students."

The possibly fatal flaw in the Supreme Court decision of 1954 was the assumption that mere contiguity with white pupils in the same classroom would somehow improve the quality of the Negro child's education. Why the judges should have assumed that a school system (in the South) which produced some of the most rabid racist politicians in the nation would benefit the minds of Negro children has never been fully explained. That other, more viable and more significant, factors in the Negro-white relationship had to be resolved before confrontation could be imposed on the children of the nation is only now beginning to be understood, however tenuously. The politicians and propagandists have had their day. It is time for the educator to have his say in this still volatile area.

The dreams of the differentiated groups which make up the total American community are not all the same. Nor is it desirable that they should be. All that decency demands is that no opportunity be denied the Negro to pursue his realizable goals—as well as his wildest dreams. But the ultimate triumph over adversity and the city slums is up to him. In a very real sense he will have to look into his own backyard—and if it is dirty he will have to clean it up—himself. Even more important, he will have to open his own shop. For all his vaunted passion for trade, the Jewish immigrant only opened a shop or candy store so that *his* children could stop being shopkeepers and go on to become professionals. First comes the shop, then the Ph.D. Dr. Samuel DeWitt Proctor, speaking in New York recently to a gathering made up largely of Negro educators and professional men, deplored the pursuit of Ph.Ds—"Ph.Ds, any kind of Ph.Ds"—among the Negro middle class. He urged them instead to make closer contact with their own poor—in their own neighborhoods.

A word in conclusion. Jewish storekeepers who remain today in Harlem or in Watts, encamped as it were in enemy territory, can expect future forays into their business establishments when the next riots break out. For them a process of disengagement should suggest itself, away from Harlem and away from Watts and away from other such volatile neighborhoods in other cities. This they should even now be contemplating, perhaps offering to train immediately local Negro heads of families to take over their stores at a fair price after an adequate period of preparation. Jewish merchants, having had considerable experience in the business of business, can go elsewhere—if necessary—and allow for the growth of "indigenous" shops and stores and other neighborhood enterprises. At first it will require their help. It will also require serious desire on the part of the Negro to enter into a new area of achievement, and he should not be deflected by the gaudy promises of "socialism" before he has so much as tasted of the forbidden fruit from the local cornucopia of free enterprise.

Even if, as is likely to be the case, the stores are first "manned" by women, this too has a precedent in the Jewish experience. How many little shops and candy stores were run by the Jewish housewife, without in the least diminishing the manliness of the Jewish male? On the contrary, it tended to make for greater family solidarity in the long run. The husband often found missing from the Harlem family will return when the stigma of being a common tradesman is removed and he acquires new status as storekeeper or clothing merchant.

Further, when he elevates his status from shop to factory, he can do what all other minority groups in America have done in the past—hire all his kinfolk and neighbors, to the exclusion of all others—all others being equal. There will be hands enough reaching out in his own immediate family and neighborhood to allow for the suspension of objective niceties. As Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan have pointed out in *Beyond the Melting Pot,* Jewish dress manufacturers employed relatives for the choice jobs in the shop, and the same was done by Italian fruit merchants and by Chinese launderers. The Negro has not only the right, but the duty, to go and do likewise. Local Negro banks and established Negro middle class enterprises could help underwrite the first trying years of the experiment. But it is necessary that local Jewish merchants make the changeover as painless and mutually profitable as possible. From such cooperation, properly organized and adequately planned, the Jewish storekeeper has little to lose and much to gain. In the end, a hundred Negro-owned stores where formerly Jews held sway will do more for so-called intergroup relations than a hundred interracial and interfaith meetings which are almost always overcast with a feeling of quiet and breathless desperation. Only after the disengagement has been accomplished will it be possible to resume the kind of dialogue which only natural and unforced, hence *essentially* equal, intercourse can make worthwhile.

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Week Ends: The Saving Graces

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Few branches of living are now as assiduously cultivated as the week end in the country—it can be either sheer heaven or hell. Successful week ends are based on the assumption that there is a code of behavior for both guests and hosts, the first not to be presuming, the second to be specific in hospitality. It is a formula that works, and we see it in the most celebrated visit in all history, that of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon the King. She bowed to his wisdom. He gave her whatsoever she asked for. Thus they parted with the sunniest of feelings.

Here is a basketful of ideas on how to make guests happy and how to have a good time with one's guests.

Invitations

Don't invite more people than you can take a personal interest in and than you can cope with without tiring yourself out. Nobody enjoys a hostess with the patient air of a tired saint.

Don't invite people unless you and your family enjoy them. A pay-off cocktail party is bearable, a pay-off week end, undiluted misery.

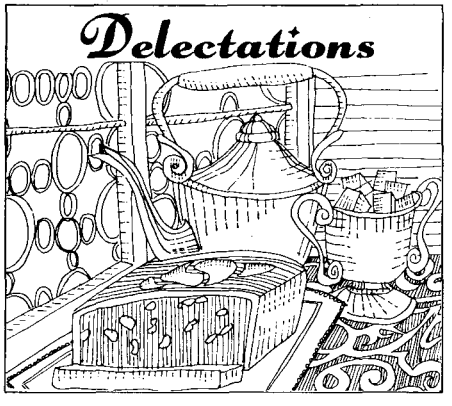
Think twice about inviting children. Your own and your friends' children don't necessarily like each other; also, many a fine friendship has been wrecked because hostess and guest had different opinions on children's behavior. But if you do invite children, remember this. Children, your own and other people's, are delightful out of doors, but after five, give them something to do on their own. Don't let them share a reasonably formal dinner; this is agony for both parties.

Remember that people not used to children find them strenuous. Explain to your children that they must not fraternize with grown-ups unless invited to, and never must they call grown-ups by their first names on their own. Do all this agreeably, or the children will hate your guests.

Provide entertainment for visiting children, such as a place where they can make lots of noise without disturbing the grown-ups or being disturbed by them. Have several inexpensive toys each visiting child can call his own and take home. Establish an eating and bedtime routine, but don't be too rigid about it. Above all, never force visiting children to eat.

Receiving guests

Invite for a specific length of time, and tell if there will be other houseguests; if people don't care for each other, they can bow out of the invitation gracefully. Send them timetables



and road instructions, and if you can't meet them, send a *pre-paid* taxi.

Let them also know if you expect them to share rooms, and what sort of things you've planned so that they can bring the proper clothing. But since few guests ever do, have some odd country clothes and sports equipment to help them out. Also, provide guest cards for golf, tennis and other sports, and beach stickers so that you won't have to chauffeur constantly. But don't harass your guests with constant entertainment, and honor any plans of their own they may have.

Give your guests an approximate idea of mealtimes, and how you expect them to dress for meals. Show them where they can get snacks, drinks and in-between-meal refreshments—especially early morning coffee—without having to ask constantly. If you want them to help you, tell them so, and tell them exactly how. If they are not receptive, withdraw your suggestions at once, for guests are not free help. On the other hand, most people are anxious to make themselves useful without getting in the way. Be specific about your own idiosyncrasies. If you hate company in the kitchen, say so; the same goes about someone else driving your car; remember that it is perfectly easy to be agreeable about these things.

What to do with unwanted guests

Be polite but firm. Don't let them bring in their bags and settle down. Right at the car, the moment they arrive, tell your guests you're sorry you can't ask them to stay because of previous commitments, and that you must leave the house this very moment to fulfill them. Then get yourself dressed and drive away in the car. Sightsee, visit or shop—but get out of sight for a while.

If you want your guests to stay, act pleased, but warn them that they will have to take potluck (with food, accommodations, other guests).

Making week-end guests comfortable

Get a number of newspapers, especially Sunday papers, preferably one for each guest.

Be enthusiastic about your guests and praise their achievements, even if it is only a minnow caught in a stream full of trout. Or praise their spiritual achievements, such as appreciating a beautiful sunset.

Don't be a matchmaker, unless this is welcomed. Don't work at making people like each other if it doesn't come naturally. If people don't, just ignore the whole situation.

Keep quiet if your guests want to read or to be silent.

Never mention your own health unless you've got to be rushed to a hospital, but be sympathetic about your guests' health and physical capacity.

Never criticize, never speak of any annoyances, no matter what your guests may do. Remember that guests, however inconsiderate or inconveniently behaved, must be honored. But if the situation gets unbearable, fake a sudden illness, such as a gallbladder attack, so that you can ask your guests to leave. You'll have to

(Continued on page 643)

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Letter from South Africa

Bringing Us Back Alive

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

South Africa's fabulous Kruger Game Preserve is 250 miles northeast of Pretoria—a good six hours' drive unless you happen to be driving with a South African, when it's only four and a half. The art of being driven in South Africa, as developed in only three excitement-filled weeks on its narrow two-lane flyways, is as follows. Politely refuse *all* offers of a front seat. The back seat is 3½ feet (42 full inches) farther from destruction. Sit behind the driver, if possible. This means that you will never by mistake get a glimpse of the speedometer. Slump down in the seat far enough so the driver's back obscures the road from view and look to the right—that's right, it's a right-wheel drive country—and strive to enjoy the view. If possible, use earplugs to dull the sound of the wind rushing by your window at 80 mph plus, the screeching of tires, the splurt of sand as wheels careen through soft shoulders. (Catholics may find it profitable to use the time in getting ahead on next year's Lenten ejaculations—those indulgences may come in handy sooner than they think.)

Priscilla Buckley

Sundown Curfew

There is some reason for the hurry. Kruger is not the kind of place to be out in a car, even less out of a car, after dark. That's when The Big Ones are out. If you don't reach one of the entrance gates in plenty of time to make it to a Rest Camp before closing time—in summer it is at 6:30 PM—you don't get in at all. If you're as much as fifteen minutes late in reaching a Rest Camp, without a good excuse, the fine is one Rand ($1.40) and it goes up sharply for every subsequent half hour. Even when the whole of the 7,340-square-mile camp (200 miles long by 40 miles wide) is open in the winter months (May to October) only 3,000 people can be accommodated in half a dozen rest camps and only that many people are allowed into the park. (That these restrictions make sense was confirmed for us two days later when a German tourist, whose car had stalled outside a Rest Camp after dark, told us of a horrifying 45 minutes during which a bull elephant was making up its mind whether or not to charge his car. The animal apparently had been maddened when the driver of a tow truck turned on his headlights.)

There were 24 in our party—about two-thirds of us American newspaper and magazine people — and reservations for our largish group had had to be made several months earlier. In full summer—it was mid-February—only the southern third of the Park is open, the bushveld area of grasslands, rocky abutments and low hills around the Pretoriuskop and Skukuza Rest Camps. (Skukuza was the name the Bantus, the local black tribesmen, gave Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton, first Warden of the game preserve, who was so unreasonable as to insist that people cease shooting his animals—it means "one who turns everything upside down.") A story in the National Parks Board's amusing and informative *Our National Game Parks* tells of the first election held in the Kruger Park area after the Boer War. It was in 1907 and Col. Stevenson-Hamilton and Ranger Healy turned out to be the only two people in the Kruger area with the franchise. Came the appointed day, a large marquee was erected, as per detailed voting instructions, the Union Jack run up, Bantu constables stood at attention and at 9:00 AM on the dot, Ranger Healy, in his role as "Returning Officer," took his position behind the polling table and waited . . . and waited. Alas, the Colonel was having his troubles. While robing for his part in the ceremony, he ran afoul of a cobra that squirted venom in his face; and, tough as was old Skukuza, it took him the better part of the day to make it to the polling station. Next morning, the locked ballot box was placed on a railroad handcar to a flurry of martial music. Two uniformed constables and Ranger Healy took their places on the handcar and four other Bantu constables started to push. Came a declivity and too late, Ranger Healy noticed a large yellow-red anthill across the tracks. A barrage of rifle fire failed to bring it down. Crash went the handcar, off flew the ballot box, out floated the precious bit of paper which a valiant Bantu constable—lions or no lions—retrieved from the bush. Healy, we are told, was "severely reprimanded" for this "serious electoral irregularity."

Rival Beast-Spotters

In those days there were virtually no accommodations, and, in fact, very few animals in Kruger. The rinderpest disease and game hunters had thinned out and almost exterminated some of the hundreds of species that now roam the park freely, preying on each other. In today's camps, beast-watchers sleep in the traditional rondaval, a circular mud hut topped with a thatched roof. Some of the doors on the rondavals still have small round peepholes through which the hardier visitors of an earlier day could ascertain whether there were lions or elephants in the vicinity before venturing forth. (A cabin with a basin and running water plus three big meals runs you about $6.00 a person.) Coal stoves are kept lit day and night and boiling water is always available for a spot of tea.

Our group arrived in six cars and a serious rivalry developed among us as to who would spot the most esoteric beasts. Lions and elephants get you bonus points. Peter Bintzen of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, Peppy Paula Styger of the South African Information Ministry, our driver—Riffi we ended up calling him after flubbing his Afrikaaner cognomen—and I took a detour along the "Inner Circle" en route to the first night's Rest Camp, and chalked up a num-

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ber of firsts late that Friday afternoon (some say we cheated). We spotted . . . well, to be perfectly honest, the first living creature we spotted in the Kruger National Game Preserve was a painted turtle. But seconds later we came across the first herd of impala, surely the most appealing of the antelope family. Small, friendly, with a shiny reddish-brown coat that turns paler along the flanks and white on the underside of the body, they graze by the side of the road by the hundreds while a few of the rams, on guard, look at you, their lyre-shaped horns cocked attentively. If something startles them they skitter sideways. If it is an enemy, a lion or a pack of vicious yellow-and-black spotted wild dogs, the impala will fly off in bounds twenty feet long, making a sound remarkably like a sneeze, warning the husky blue wildebeest, the zebras, the hideous warthogs (baby warthogs are every bit as unattractive as their mothers, poor things) and gangs of baboons that so often graze along with them, of the danger.

We caught a glimpse of a black and white male ostrich strutting along in the distance, a couple of water buck (a water buck is easy to spot if he has his back to you—someone has painted a white bull's-eye on his fanny), and even an antelope-type beast that Riffi identified as a Kuduyu. (Sometime later when he pointed out the proudly antlered male of the species, the Kudu ram, I hastily amended my notes—I don't think Peter noticed—changing Kuduyu to Kudu ewe.)

The evening at Skukuza, a brilliantly starry night, got off to a fine start when a South African friend confirmed that the outrageous sound from beyond the high fence behind which we sat in comfort and safety was a lion's roar. We were sitting around a fire, on the banks of the Sabie River (whither, to everyone's satisfaction, a crocodile would crawl the following afternoon). We had been invited to a *bransvislii,* the South African barbecue, a kindly gesture on the part of our hosts not, we are sure, motivated by the fact that the local Rotarians had reserved all the indoor facilities for the night.

Onto our heaping plates was piled a Malay delicacy, a spit of mutton, onion and apple that had been marinated overnight in a hot curry sauce and then broiled over a coal fire. With it came a big hunk of steak, a hot sauce and "mealie," the staple of the Bantu diet. It's made of corn, ground up and baked, and tastes something like our spoon bread, but heavier. You eat mealie with your fingers, dipping it in the sauce, or do if your neighbor happens to be a strong-minded son of South Africa

who is determined you're going to enjoy the evening as the evening was meant to be enjoyed and who has so laced your cup with red wine that you don't even have the sense to refuse a couple of snorts of super-smooth KWV (surely the world's best brandy) before the lion has roared twice.

Far from being undermined by these liberal infusions of food, wine, good talk and balmy breezes, Peter, Riffi and I, as we had planned, took off shortly after 6:00 the following morning (Peppy Paula opened one eye, murmured "Good hunting" and went back to sleep). We drove and we drove and we drove and we saw impalas and impalas and impalas. We passed cars of jeering friends who had just left a mother cheetah and three little cheetahs, or two hundred baboons, or a herd of giraffe running off slow motion through the trees. We saw hippos because there is a hippo pool in which at all seasons hippos reside (did you ever see two grown hippopotami kiss?—it's an awesome sight), but very little else.

We were not very communicative at lunch, and only grumpily receptive.

It was Riffi's opinion that if we were to see an elephant we must head straight north, and head due north we did toward Tshokwane. Giraffes we saw, one pair even necking; zebras by the score, wild dogs, jackals, hyenas. (We had a small adventure with baboons that I won't tell you about because to have had that particular adventure we must have gotten out of the car and since that's forbidden, we must, all three, have imagined it.) The landscape in the Tshokwane area was different. It was flatter, with less vegetation. At times it looked as if a tornado had blown through it. Fallen and uprooted trees and dead branches littered the ground. They had been toppled by elephants who fancy most those tender new leaves that are beyond their reach. Elephants do something about it. Like pushing the trees down.

We saw more immediate traces of elephants—elephant dung which is elephantine in size. But the sun was getting low and our time short so we reluctantly turned back, passing a sizable pond on the far side of which we had earlier spotted groups of water buck, wildebeests, impalas and zebras. This time, on the near side of the pool, not many yards from the road, we saw—and were gladdened by it—a large, healthy looking young black bull elephant, stuffing great gobs of grass into his mouth. We stopped the car. He turned toward us, fanned his ears sideways, raised his trunk and took a couple of steps towards us—just enough to cause us to wonder how fast we could get away if indeed we needed to—before returning to his feeding.

No one else saw an elephant, or a lion, that afternoon.

Peter and I—we're nothing if not spiteful—planned to have our elephant pictures made up into Christmas cards to send to our less hawk-eyed friends.

I hope Peter does.

And that he puts me on the mailing list because *my* camera, with *my* elephant picture in it, was stolen in Nairobi three days later.

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The Quarterlies

A Special Report

The winter 1966 *Sewanee Review*, a fat 387 pages, edited for this issue by Allen Tate, honors the memory of T. S. Eliot. Robert Giroux's "A Personal Memoir" is the best of the twenty-seven contributions, gracefully written and disclosing the rarely heard-of man himself, an Eliot who was a student of the boxing style of Joe Louis and the wit of Groucho Marx. He tells of the only meeting of Carl Sandburg (no admirer of Eliot) and the Possum, who grinned throughout the encounter and said nothing at all. In Ezra Pound's contribution we find: "Who is there now for me to share a joke with?" And: "His was the true Dantescan voice." Eliot's Washington University Centennial Address gets printed, unidentified as a piece fourteen years old. I. A. Richards, Sir Herbert Read, Frank Morley, Bonamy Dobree, all old friends, contribute memories. C. Day Lewis has a turgid, lumpy poem, and Robert Richman a fine, moving one, the last stanza of which goes:

> This sea that is and was at the beginning tolls San Carlos bell. You said "I do not know much about gods." But God would say *Let this good Man come speak with Me on sea things and such; Let his cry come unto Me.* And all shall be well.

Many of The Old Guard (Austin Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Mario Praz) honor Eliot the critic still more than the poet. We even have a charming story from Eliot's bank-clerk days, in which his superior assures an interlocutor that the bank is rather proud that Mr. Eliot is so good at his hobby, poetry, and that Mr. Eliot will certainly, one day, be promoted to Branch Manager.

For Boswell buffs, the March *Kenyon Review* has a juicy essay by Joseph Reed Jr., about the last entry of all in the journals and a rakehell major who figures therein. There's also an essay, none too perceptive, on Poe's least known works, the strange ones about angels of the odd and imps of the perverse, by Terence Martin. And Frank Kermode, the first-rate British critic, writes about Robert Musil ("still the least-read of the great twentieth-century novelists"). *Partisan Review*, always in fashion, carries a short story of Musil's. Both speak as if they'd just discovered the man, on whom there's an excellent article in a recent *Comparative Literature* by Harry Goldgar.

American Literature, one of the work-horse journals, has twenty-five versions of poems of Emily Dickinson that Thomas Johnson (*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, 1961) somehow overlooked, turned up by David Higgins. These are variants, however, and the total of Emily's poems is still a patriotic 1,775.

Twentieth Century Literature has a bibliography of Waugh criticism. There is a kind of coziness in the scholars' literary journals that ought not to be brought out into the glare. *Victorian Studies*, a lucid and quiet magazine published by Indiana, requires a library with a fireplace, slippers, and perhaps a late-afternoon hush. So *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, where, in the latest issue, Harland Nelson's "Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* and Henry Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor*" is just the kind of nicely researched, biscuit-dry but toothsome reading that the scholarly mind writes best for the scholarly mind. Their modern counterparts, such as *Modern Fiction Studies*, with articles like "Jack Barnes as Narrator" and "F. Scott Fitzgerald, the Jamesian Inheritance, and the Morality of Fiction" look very Young Turk beside their sturdier uncles. Open the current PMLA, the Germanic great-uncle of them all, find "Will and Society in *Bleak House*,"—there, by golly, is solid meat and potatoes!—and " 'The Wreck of the Deutschland': A New Reading." Such unperturbed diligence gives one hope for the life of the mind as it gets recorded on paper; one wonders how many people read these patient, tidy studies (and their counterparts in the scientific journals) for sheer relaxation.

Arion, the well-endowed, frisky classical journal from Texas (and the first to be founded in the United States in seventy-five years), is apt to appear sporadically. It is a quarterly, but months will pass and, once thus far, damn near a year; then suddenly two issues will arrive within two months. It's a fine journal. The last issue but one prints replies to a questionnaire submitted to literary blokes all over, and the answers, all on the state of the classics today, are worth reading, and some are deliciously funny. *Arion* is said to have its subscribers not among classicists but English departments, poets, and other amateurs who are involved in the classics as good reading but who are bored to tears by the kind of squabbling and nit-picking the classicists delight in. Currently Robert Fagles continues his translation of Pindar; Peter Whigham offers some examples of his translation of Catullus (to be published as a Penguin book). Bill Arrowsmith (the translator of Petronius, Aristophanes, and one of the most determined explicators of Greek tragedy) is the magazine's founder, and is sometimes the editor. Thomas Gould is the editor at the moment, and D. S. Carne-Ross is the brilliant in-fighter who keeps the dust up in the air.

Art and Literature, an international quarterly, can be trusted to be up with things; that is, to be no further behind than the best. The latest issue catches up with René Crevel's famous article on Paul Klee (thirty-one years for *that* journey across the Atlantic; there's hope for the rest of Crevel) and prints it (but *hippocampe*, dear translator, means *seahorse*). There are articles on the New American Cinema by a man who isn't particular about facts or chronology but is otherwise informative and understanding, on Corbusier, on Leonard Smithers (Aubrey Beardsley's publisher and one of the mystery men of the nineties), on Roy Lichtenstein the Comic Book Painter. And much else. Now that *Kulchur* appears to have folded, *Art and Literature* must carry the burden. ➔

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The Paris Review (whose angel is the Aga Khan) remains the surefootedest of the international journals. The current Interview (the department for which the magazine is famous) is with Saul Bellow. William Styron (*Lie Down in Darkness, Set This House on Fire*) prints an excerpt from his new novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner.*

The Hudson Review, which has been going to seed for some years now, or perhaps is just getting dowdy and professorial, continues to be perfectly correct, perfectly grey. (Time was, they printed Ezra Pound, Hugh Kenner, Wyndham Lewis, Jaime de Angulo). Still, it's a magazine that insists on mind, and is never frivolous.

The Yale Review is even better behaved than *Hudson* (and is forty years older). Daniel Hoffman has a good essay on Edwin Muir in the current issue, and Abigail Adams Homans a highly readable article on "My Adams Uncles: Charles, Henry, Brooks." They go on forever, the Adamses.

Art in America, heavy and glossy, had a particularly fine isue for March-April. Elizabeth Hardwick's "Notes on Leonardo and the Future of the Past" is well presented and handsomely illustrated. Marcel Duchamp's *Speculations* are printed in excerpts, and there are several articles on contemporary painters with color illustrations. *Film Culture,* the generously illustrated journal of the movies (and without peer in the U.S.) will, in an upcoming issue, complete the publication of Seymour Stern's full-scale study of D. W. Griffith; the first installment was the Spring-Summer 1965 issue (214 pages plus many stills, all for a dollar). The current issue is concerned with the Slavko Vorkapich lectures on film art at the Museum of Modern Art, and many other matters, such as Marie Dressler and Greta Garbo in *Anna Christie* (1930).

GUY DAVENPORT

In Brief

HOW TO END THE RENAISSANCE, by Theodore Weiss. *The Sewanee Review,* vol. LXXIII, no. 4, Autumn, 1965.

In this era of High Camp and Pop Culture, it is an invigorating experience to come upon a critic who is repelled by the "extravagance and aberration" of modern art, and who acidly notes that the "emperor without his clothes is one thing; the clothes without the emperor, quite another." Professor Weiss, a distinguished poet, is not only taken aback by modern art, he is deeply disturbed by those critics, and intellectuals who have given academic sanction to what passes for "art" in our century.

ON THE METHODS AND AMBITIONS OF POETRY, by Anthony Hecht. *The Hudson Review,* vol. XVIII, no. 4, Winter, 1965-66.

In this very civilized essay Mr. Hecht discusses the role of poetry in our materialistic and "scientifically" oriented society. His conclusions promise to bring joy to the hearts of many conservatives, for he believes that there is room for the poetic arts—even in the "Age of the Bomb." While the constructs of the poet are of little *practical use*—especially to the mass-man—they offer a range of experience and contemplation which will always be of value to thinking individuals.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, by Louis R. Harlan. *The American Historical Review,* vol. LXXI, no. 2, January 1966.

Booker T. Washington, the great pioneer in the education of the American Negro, has lately come under attack from the most radical elements of the civil rights movement; he was not a social revolutionary but a moderate, and therefore, we are told, an enemy of freedom, an Uncle Tom. The present essay examines his various attempts to spread his philosophy of education throughout Colonial Africa.

LEGAL REALISM, SOCIOLOGICAL JURISPRUDENCE AND MR. JUSTICE HOLMES, by Wilfrid E. Rumble Jr. *The Journal of the History of Ideas,* vol. XXVI, no. 4, Fall, 1965.

The influence of legal realism upon contemporary judicial thinking has long been a source of great lament among conservatives. This ambiguous term is here discussed in relationship to twentieth century legal thought, and most particularly the writings of Pound and Holmes.

PETER T. WITONSKI

THE STRATEGY OF OPEN MARKET OPERATIONS, by Jack M. Guttentag. *The Quarterly Journal of Economics,* February 1966.

The Federal Reserve Board has now opened the minutes of its important Open Market Committee to qualified scholars. Dr. Guttentag's article, using these minutes, makes it clear that the Committee has only a dim and glimmering understanding of what it is doing. It explains "why U.S. monetary policy has been erratic in the past and is uncertain for the future."

TARIFF PROTECTION IN INDUSTRIAL COUNTRIES: AN EVALUATION. *Journal of Political Economy,* December 1965.

An effort to get reasonable numerical measures of the height of tariffs. The United States tariffs come out higher than those of Sweden and the Common Market, but lower than those of Great Britain and Japan.

TEACHING ENGLISH IN CHINA, by Diana Lary. *The China Quarterly,* October-December 1965.

A rather naive young Englishwoman who took a job teaching English in Peking recounts her experiences. Informative and amusing.

PRINCIPLES OF ASTRONAUTICS—1, by David Andrews. *Spacelight,* March 1966.

The first article in a series intended to provide laymen with an understanding of the principles of rocketry. Easily understandable even to people with no technical background at all.

GORDON TULLOCK

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Anything Goes

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

It used to be called *raison d'état*. Translated into American, it means: anything goes if the government wants it. This would seem to be the rationale of Secretary McNamara's Montreal address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors. That, at least, is all that one old-fashioned enough to care about constitutional principle can conclude from his call for universal service in non-military activities by all young people not in the armed forces. It is true that Mr. McNamara did not dot his i's and cross his t's as to what he meant by "asking," when he proposed the government's "asking every young person in the United States to give two years of service to his country—whether in one of the military services, in the Peace Corps, or in some other volunteer developmental work at home or abroad."

Meyer

It was only a trial balloon, after all, and the nasty word "compulsory" might have been quite a leaden weight, but it is hard to know what else he could have had in mind except direct compulsion or some kind of hanky-panky with indirect compulsion through manipulation of the military draft. Senator Javits at any rate drew the logical conclusion—universal compulsory service for anything the government wants, from dentistry in Danang or baby-sitting in Burma to garbage collecting in Gowanus or social work in Waukegan.

It seems to me shocking that, despite all the discussion of the Montreal address, there has been no major outcry against its unconstitutional and totalitarian implications. Whatever the immediate fate of Mr. McNamara's proposals may be, the reception accorded them proves that in the influential circles of the country there is no sensitivity to the constitutional enormity and political immorality they represent.

The primary cause of this deadening of constitutional sentiment and vigilance for personal freedom is the slow attrition of decades of governmental infringement upon the rights of the individual person, together with the erosion of constitutional understanding in the courts and the academy alike. The result is that all proposed governmental actions tend to be discussed purely empirically in terms of their relevance to specific "problems," and without the question being asked seriously whether government in fact has the constitutional right to undertake them. This is the general cause of most of our political woes. But something more specific is responsible for the emergence of Mr. McNamara's proposal as a serious political option. Every attack on constitutional safeguards we have suffered over the years has been founded on some specific pretense at logical justification, however specious and tortuous—and this is no exception.

The constitutional principle—the veritable maxim of the free society—would seem to be clear: the only legitimate reason for governmental coercion of the services of free citizens is military necessity. The reasoning that transforms that principle into a justification of universal service, non-military as well as military, domestic as well as foreign, is a direct reflection of the Alice-in-Wonderland reasoning that shapes our policy in the confrontation with Communism's threat to our survival. That reasoning is thoroughly embedded in the main body of Mr. McNamara's Montreal address. Its central assumption is that we can eliminate the Communist threat not by fighting the Communists, but by "building bridges" to them and social-working the rest of the world.

Since the conflict with Communism is to be won in this way, all sorts of actions far removed from the actual conduct of war become part of the struggle and are justified as essential to national security. Everything is grist to the mill: foreign economic aid unrelated to the strengthening of real allies, all forms of "service" to backward countries, or for that matter "image building" for the swarms of petty diplomats who infest the UN—by crushing Tshombe or embargoing Rhodesia or waging war on poverty at home. Once this pseudo-logic is accepted, the Liberals are in a splendid position to eat their ideological cake and have it too. On the one hand they can retain the high purity of their disdain for the power realities of international politics and continue, with Mr. McNamara, to proclaim reason, not combat, the way to bring Communism to terms. On the other hand they can happily make use of the real threat to our national security and of the constitutional war-making powers to expand their coercive welfarist programs and steadily increase the scope of governmental action.

The pattern that emerges year by year is that of a garrison state—but one whose wartime powers are directed not primarily against an enemy but towards control of the lives and property of its own citizens. The continuing development of this pattern, together with the Newspeak rhetoric that accompanies it, steadily erodes the ground of resistance to ever more outrageous governmental action.

The lack of instant and widespread indignation at Secretary McNamara's proposal is but a further sign of this erosion. It is particularly disturbing, however, since only a few short years ago the very concept of universal service for non-military purposes would have been regarded as totally beyond consideration in a free society; it would in fact have been immediately recognized for what it is, a characteristic of such regimes as fascism and Communism. It is to be hoped that when the clear meaning of the McNamara labor corps begins to emerge from the cloud of rhetoric that enshrouded it at Montreal, the opposition to a program so alien to our traditions and so dangerous to our freedoms will be overwhelming.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Spies Beside the Red Cedar

RUSSELL KIRK

CLOSE BESIDE the winding Cedar's sloping banks of green, John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State University, displays a face redder than the stream which flows through his East Lansing campus. For, several years ago, he sent spies to Saigon; and they were caught—not, indeed, by the Vietcong (which apparently considered the professors from MSU unworthy of their bombs), but by *Ramparts* Magazine and other journals of the Left.

A leading light of sociology (distinctly *not* a member of the faculty of MSU) tells me that when the Federal Government determines to embark upon some grandiose "educational" design abroad, it contracts with either Harvard or Michigan State, usually. If the big men in Washington mean their scheme to succeed, they choose Harvard; but if they are substantially indifferent to the undertaking, or if in their inmost hearts they hope that the project will fail, then they turn to Hannah and the dons of MSU.

Upon the educationist empire of Dr. [*honoris causa*] John A. Hannah, the sun never sets, for it extends from Okinawa through East Lansing to Nigeria. His main campus has some 38,000 students now—more undergraduates than at any other campus in the world. But if one desires quality, or even success, rather than numbers—why, it may turn out that even the secret agents of MSU are dull dogs.

Under pretense of establishing an efficient police force in South Vietnam, some years ago, President Hannah dispatched to his new satrapy of Saigon a colony of Ph.Ds. From the beginning, this "educational" mission was, in large part, a mask for the CIA—allegedly by previous arrangement with Hannah. True, it was a mask nearly transparent, this curious congeries of police-administration teachers and political science professors and sociologists and English literature people. Few of these men possessed any real acquaintance with the history, cultures, languages or geography of southeastern Asia. Riven internally by faction, first beaming upon President Diem and then working to undermine him, spending enormously, causing much scandal, this professorial intrigue-apparatus demonstrated that in diplomacy and espionage, the professor plays the buffoon's role.

The MSU expedition to Saigon soon split into two factions, Liberal and Radical; drifting home, the dissident Radicals tattled; and in the fullness of time, long after the undertaking had been terminated and everybody knew nearly everything about this silly—if incidentally baneful—little episode, even *Ramparts,* shallowest and least "aware" of monthlies, got wind of the scandal.

Whether Somebody Up There in Washington always expected this Saigon mission to fail, or actually intended its collapse, and so contracted with John A. Hannah, rather than with Dr. Pusey or MIT or a specialized institute of Asiatic affairs; whether Hannah had the faintest notion of how matters were drifting in Saigon; whether there was aught wicked in trying to assist the CIA—these questions I set aside for the present, being concerned at this moment with the remarkable inanity of Mr. Hannah's apologists.

Beside the antics of the henchmen of John Hannah, indeed, Mr. Edward Keating and his Comus' rout of ramparts-watchers seem almost coherent. I found, for instance, in the pages of the *Detroit News,* a few weeks ago, a defense of John Hannah by a Mr. Will Muller. This journalist's zeal suggests that he may be an alumnus of MSU; but his stylistic constructions, his expletives, and his vocabulary—not to mention his logic—are such that neither MSU's department of journalism nor MSU's college of education may be eager to own him. Doubly unfortunate John Hannah, to be caught spying in Saigon, and to be saddled with so inept an advocate!

"A viable university," Mr. Muller commences, "if it is to be true to its purpose, must be integrated with the world as it is today. It must bubble and foment and stir with the times." True to *what* purpose, Mr. Muller? How "viable," Dr. Hannah? But "foment"—I like that, anyway, as appropriate, even if Mr. Muller did intend "ferment."

The Real MSU

Next, Mr. Muller declares that all critics of the heavy-handed Hannah regime are "careless of injury to an enduring institution as long as they can gain public attention for a momentary cause through shrill imprecations." He describes the *Ramparts* people as "a featureless group dedicated to expounding [*sic*] confusion among self-styled intellectuals . . ."

But I am more interested in Muller's references, *à la* Hannah, to "reality," as contrasted with "intellectual patricians on college campuses." Hannah, he argues, repeatedly brought "reality" to MSU. Take this charming passage:

"MSU seemed to survive the profanation of its temples by reality." (Really, you should see the chapel at MSU.) "It has thriven from similar and broadened experiences since. It lives and breathes and tests and adventures—and sometimes suffers and is defeated—as part of America's being."

For the words "real" and "reality" in such bathetic passages, read "non-intellectual" and "quantitatively profitable"—and you have in a nutshell the mind of John Hannah and his disciples. But Lord deliver us from such "reality" as the spy-fiasco in Saigon! And saints preserve us from such exposition of "reality" as the boggy prose of the intellectual sons of Hannah!

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Minerva's Owl

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Germany is the land of political testaments. Unfortunately, most of her statesmen have died bankrupt. In 1898 Otto von Bismarck in his memoirs, *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* produced an apologia which was as tendentious and mendacious as it was brilliant. It was described by Horst Kohl who wrote the introduction to the first edition as "a priceless inheritance of the German nation." Sixteen years later Bismarck's Germany was consumed in a war which Bismarck's policies had done so much to make inevitable.

Bismarck's memoirs run to 620 closely printed pages in a modern edition, and he spent most of his retirement in their composition. When on April 29, 1945 Adolf Hitler faced the certainty of defeat, the leisure of retirement was denied him and his political testament comprised a few last paragraphs of vituperation, racial insanity and personal denunciation. It was a fitting product of the diseased social order which he had done so much to create.

For the third time in less than a century we have a German political testament: Konrad Adenauer, *Memoirs 1945-53*. It lacks the brilliance and the compelling prose style which Bismarck lent his memoirs and, thankfully, it lacks the insane compression of Hitler's testament which focused the falsity, egomania and hatred of tormented Germany into a few brief paragraphs. It is an old man's book; cool, dispassionate and factual—detailed to the point of distraction, but informed by a compelling hope and ennobled by the vision of a democratic Germany with partnership in a harmonious and Christian Europe and a peaceful world.

It is the fate of mankind that in the twentieth century Germany has been the pivot of the world. In the immediate years after 1945 it seemed certain that Germany would slip into chaos and dependency and that only the Soviet Union would benefit from the sullen and hungry disorder which eroded the stability of Germany and of Europe. Stalin's Russia was ready to impose its will and the remainder of the world seemed bent on self-destructive illusion. That in those first postwar years the drift of history toward the polarity of Tartary was arrested, was due to the most unlikely leader of modern times, Konrad Adenauer.

Memoirs, 1945-1953, by Konrad Adenauer. Regnery, $10.00

Reading the memoirs, how simple it all seems. No doubt it will be said that the creation of the new Germany was an exercise in classical statecraft: the work of a German Talleyrand playing the victors against one another until the vanquished once more sat in the high councils of the world. And Adenauer's methodical, exhaustive recounting of the steps by which he led Germany back to the community of Europe lends credence to this conception. What this view fails to grasp and that which is apparent on every page of the memoirs is the triumph of spiritual power and values which alone made the technique of statecraft possible. Soviet power in the postwar world has grown out of the barrel of a gun. The power of the new Germany is the power of praying and working hands and in this Adenauer showed the way.

Adenauer's basic assumptions are simple. In the first place he has insisted that materialism is the seed bed of totalitarianism whether the color of the totalitarianism is brown or red. Consequently totalitarianism can only be challenged by the counterposition of spiritual values. Secondly, Adenauer believes that the great threat to individual men has been the coercive power exercised by the great economic and political collectivities. Chief among these powers has been the power of the state. For this reason Adenauer became a champion of both democracy and federalism. Moreover he has sought to reduce the power of the state by destroying economic collectivization and socialization and by reducing the size and the power of the economic unit. The object of the "social market economy" is the restoration of dignity to the individual and a reduction in the power of both the state and the economic collective. Finally, Adenauer believes that there is no future for Germany aside from a common European future. A United States of Europe with common frontiers, common Christian-humanistic aspirations, a common market and a common defense system is the only viable state form.

These are the assumptions which guided Adenauer in the decisive years from 1945 to 1953 in both domestic and foreign affairs. It was the great statesmanship of Adenauer which translated these values into the pragmatism of everyday politics without destroying the values. Bismarck achieved with blood and iron and Hitler achieved with hate and bar-

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barism less than Adenauer accomplished with his unexciting and pedestrian technique.

Just how unexciting and pedestrian that tortoise-paced policy was is clearly evident in this closely reasoned and carefully documented account of those eight years. The German Social Democrats, still heated by the ideological fantasies of past generations, sought a domestic and foreign policy in the grand style. They could not understand a politics which did not have its roots in envy, greed, class conflict and national aggrandizement. They were unaccustomed to the prudence which is a necessary but colorless ingredient in democratic politics. The English, confused by their insularity, and the French, dominated by the quest for security, were seldom able to see beyond temporary advantage to the common European necessity.

In May of 1945, when Germany surrendered, Adenauer was seventy years old. The previous year when he had been re-arrested by the Gestapo the commissar in charge of the prison had intimated Adenauer might take his life as he "had not much more to expect." No doubt many people felt in 1945 that much the same was true of Germany. Certainly Hitler was of this opinion. But for both Adenauer and Germany the most creative period still lay ahead. In another context the German philosopher Hegel wrote: "The owl of Minerva takes its flight at twilight."

The Two Faces of Hemingway

JEFFREY HART

WE HAVE reason to be grateful to A. E. Hotchner. A gifted writer himself, he was a close friend of Ernest Hemingway, and in this account of their conversations and adventures he has produced a book which is first marvelously entertaining and, later on, deeply moving. As we follow him from Havana to Key West, to Paris and Venice and Spain, and to Ketchum, Idaho, Hotchner's Hemingway is as real, as vivid for us as Boswell's Johnson, Goethe's Eckermann, or the Socrates of the *Dialogues*.

The book is more than a record of talk and travel. It is a work of art, which moves with cumulative power from the Hemingway of 1948, almost mythic in his vitality and charm, through the African plane crash which ruined his health (but which was connected by a tragic logic with his very vitality), to the battered and mentally ill figure of the conclusion. Here is Hemingway when Hotchner first meets him in a Havana bar in 1948:

> Hemingway arrived a little late. He was wearing khaki pants held up by a wide old leather belt with a huge buckle inscribed GOTT MIT UNS, a white linen sport shirt that hung loose, and brown leather loafers without socks. His hair was dark with gray highlights, flecked white at the temples, and he had a heavy mustache that ran past the corners of his mouth, but no beard. He was massive. Not in height, for he was only an inch over six feet, but in impact. Most of his two hundred pounds was concentrated above his waist: he had square heavy shoulders, long hugely muscled arms (the left one jaggedly scarred and a bit mis-shapen at the elbow) . . .

To be sure, Hemingway was a good deal like Picasso's woman looking into a mirror. The buoyant exterior stood in sharp contrast to the psychic physiognomy. As Malcolm Cowley says, Hemingway was one of the "haunted and nocturnal writers," akin in temper to Hawthorne and Melville, and the familiar public Hemingway was only one aspect of the complicated real one. It was, to some degree, an ironic spoof, as well as a defensive tactic. Like Eliot's clerical cut, Frost's folksiness, and Mann's orgman carnation, it was a way of putting a certain role between himself and the world so as to protect the privacy of that other face.

In Hotchner's account, the private Hemingway does appear now and then. He has periods of melancholia (he calls it "Black-Ass"); he once says that "fear" is a besetting problem for him and that "any given afternoon my hold over fear can be broken"; he has a phobia about the telephone; there is something sick about his relationship to Scott Fitzgerald. But for the most part Hotchner saw him during his buoyant moods, when he was relaxing after periods of intense creative activity. At times like this Hemingway was something of a "tall story" in the American frontier tradition.

His sense of humor, usually obscene, was superb; and part of his charm lay in the fact that it was difficult to tell when he was lying. He claimed to have seduced Mata Hari, and he gave Hotchner an unforgettable description of her performance—but Hotchner found out that she actually had been executed in 1917, the year before Hemingway first arrived in Europe. He also claimed to have seduced the exotic mistress of Legs Diamond in the kitchen at the 21 Club, to have overcome a huge bear merely by rebuking him, to have fired a revolver through the toilet at the Ritz, to have lived on park pigeons while poor in Paris, to have thrown a lion out of a Paris saloon, to have fathered a child by an African bride, etc. One's skepticism grows—but when it does, authentic episodes arise to rebuke it. The reality is taller than the yarns. He did hunt U-Boats in his yacht, Hotchner does see him turn aside a charging bull by grabbing it by the horns, his capacity for alcohol is Pantagruelian, his private force of irregulars were first into Paris and in fact had liberated the Ritz bar by the time General Leclerc arrived, and he did seem to have an odd power over animals as well as a golden touch at Enghien, Auteuil, and Monte Carlo.

ONE QUESTION Hotchner implicitly raises but cannot finally answer concerns Hemingway's Catholicism, to which he was converted during his second marriage. After *The Sun Also Rises* his fiction makes little thematic use of Catholicism, and so it causes no surprise when Carlos Baker in his recent study attributes to Hemingway only a "natural piety," a profound feeling for nature. But there is a paragraph in Hotchner which reopens the question. In 1954 while traveling in Spain they passed through Burgos, and Hemingway, though suffering from plane crash injuries, made a point of going to the cathedral. He

> pulled himself tortuously from the car and went slowly up the cathedral steps, bringing both feet together on

Papa Hemingway, by A. E. Hotchner. Random House, $5.95

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each step. He touched the holy water and crossed the murky deserted interior, his mocassins barely audible on the stone floor. He stood for a moment at a side altar, looking up at the candles, his gray trench coat, white whiskers, and steel-rimmed glasses giving him a monkish quality. Then, holding tightly, he lowered his knees onto a prayer bench and bent his forehead into his overlapped hands. He stayed that way for several minutes.

Afterward, descending the cathedral steps, he said, "Sometimes I wish I were a better Catholic."

Hemingway's suicide is another difficult matter, and, on Hotchner's showing, I think the temptation to be "literary" about it ought to be resisted. Suicide does play a role in his work, as in such stories as "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" and "Indian Camp," where it is one possible response for "the man who knows," who has seen the abyss, or *"nada."* The stories do not condemn suicide, it is not evidence of cowardice, though neither do they approve of it. It is simply one option for the spiritual Insider. Yet though some critics have tried to apply all this to Hemingway's own suicide, Hotchner's careful account makes it seem, terrible as it is, more mundane. His magnificent physical health was shattered by his 1954 African plane crash, in which he suffered burns and severe internal injuries; receiving the Nobel Prize destroyed his privacy and inhibited recuperation; Castro's takeover forced him out of his Cuban retreat ("I am an American above everything else and I cannot stay here when other Americans are being kicked out and my country is being vilified"); age and failing health began to impair his memory and made writing difficult; he drank heavily, because of his pain.

FINALLY, because his sense of himself was bound up with his ability to go on writing, he felt increasingly defenseless and vulnerable. This turned into the delusion that the IRS and the FBI were after him, that he had cancer, that his friends were "betraying" him. Electric shock treatments further damaged his memory, but did nothing for his anxieties and delusions. He tried to jump out of a plane, tried to throw himself into a moving propeller, tried to shoot himself. Unlike the spiritual Insider who elects suicide in the stories, Hemingway at the end was anything but in profound touch with reality. When he finally did kill himself he was not only a physical wreck but completely out of his mind.

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Well, HellooOOOO There!

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

SURE AND THE MILLENIUM has come and far gone if we're to see a lovelier trinity than this in 1966. Forgive the underdog neurosis, but believe me: a book about Free Enterprise would on the odds be more likely to praise the Wise Statesmanship of Partnership With the Government than to do what Rogers has done; and an essay on labor arbitration, *anno Domini* 1966, would, you'd think, come up on *their* side? . . . and an economic history of the U.S. is of course! a neck-deep mudbath in Josephsonian muck, hm?

Donald Rogers, the financial columnist *sans peur et sans reproche,* walks into the boardrooms of the mightiest corporations and tells the tycoons that they are failing in their primary function, which is to defend the social system under which the enterprise system can flourish. It is disconcerting to hear in Mr. Rogers' phrases the echo of the criticisms most fully developed 130 years ago by Tocqueville—disconcerting because Tocqueville's analysis leaves us less reason to be hopeful, and shows us why we should not hope. According to Tocqueville, what we would call Big Business today is *always* tempted to join forces with a dirigiste government, and it is fruitless to take one's protests to the offices of the merchant princes. I think Tocqueville is correct; Big Business will belong to whatever faction runs the government; and although I admire Mr. Rogers for his forthright and informative attack on the delinquencies of the tycoonery, I must admit that the chances are heavy against his having picked the right target for his exhortations. He is right when he blames Henry Ford II-ism for complicity in neo-fascist economics; he wastes his time, I submit, in appealing to the good nature or common sense of Henry Ford II *et cetera.*

Paul Hays is a U.S. Judge, Court of Appeals, 2nd Circuit. For 23 years he was a labor arbiter. (The word, damnit, *is* arbiter; not arbitrator.)

The End of Free Enterprise: A Manifesto for Capitalists, by Donald I. Rogers. Doubleday, $3.95

Labor Arbitration: A Dissenting View, by Paul R. Hays. Yale, $4.50

Growth and Welfare in the American Past: A New Economic History, by Douglass C. North. Prentice-Hall, $5.95

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Now that he has life tenure on the bench, thank God he is safe: for he has written a hunk of heresy. Labor arbitration is, he says, the furthest thing from justice you might imagine. His description of the method by which labor arbiters are selected is enough to curl your hair. He speaks with particular power when he describes the step-by-step displacement of state law by federal law in the matter of labor disputes, and there is no denying the judicial passion with which he remarks the eclipse of the safeguarding mechanisms that had been a portion of the now superseded state laws. Make yourself acquainted with this book. If I'm not wrong, it will have a major impact on labor relations in this country. Those who love liberty, an orderly government, and the maximization of judicial process rather than executive decree—will want to accelerate the impact that this book must inevitably have. Buy it, read it, pass it around.

PROFESSOR NORTH of the University of Washington (Seattle), is not pulling your leg when he says he has written a "new" economic history. It is new in so many ways. Although it is economics, although it is history, it is readable and in spots charming. It is not over-long: 192 pages well alternatives *at that time*; 8) indict importance of individual contributions to U.S. economic progress. It blasts the myths by the hundreds. It is carefully scientific, and yet it is able to 1) say something cogent in behalf of the colonies' *not* leaving the British Empire; 2) present a ruthless refutation of W. W. Rostow's celebrated thesis of "take-off" economics; 3) describe, without defending or attacking from *other* grounds, the economic viability of the ante-bellum South; 4) scotch the rumor that governmental subventions helped cause nineteenth-century U.S. economic growth; 5) scuttle the claims of the steamship captains to having reduced the unit cost of ocean freight (it had come down faster under sail); 6) cut the ground out from under Frederick Jackson Turner's hallowed thesis of the meaning of the Frontier In American History (the frontier was not opened by the downtrodden seeking escape; it was opened by businessmen agriculturalists seeking to take advantage of high commodity prices); 7) admit the existence of collusive Trusts while asking what they have cost in terms of available alternatives *at that time*; 8) indict the New Deal of President Roosevelt in its own terms for having failed to achieve its minimum objectives; 9) passim, to analyze the idea of legislating a minimum wage, and to conclude that the net result of such legislation is invariably to increase the rate of unemployment. Tightly argued, brightly written, full of signposts for further reading, this book strikes home.

Now what binds these three volumes together is their capacity to awaken a certain hopefulness in the heart of a libertarian conservative. This is not Joseph Borax publishing at Provo, Utah. This is a syndicated columnist, a U.S. judge, a West Coast professor, publishing at Doubleday, Yale, Prentice-Hall. Courteously, not without visiting the sources, and always with a helping hand to the journeyman, they invite us to share their world, and it is a world so founded in rock and so furnished in righteousness that I am convinced that the day must sooner or later be theirs, and ours. There would be cause for wonder if these works had

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issued from the caves in the desert. But the practised presses of the East brought them off, thanks to no one's subsidy that I know of. And so we must conclude that we are not the last three or four men on earth who think as Messrs. Rogers and Hays and North think. Maybe we are not alone. Maybe we are stronger than we thought. Maybe we have friends out there.

Well, HellooooOOOO there!

Random Notes

● BOOKS: The latest UFO wave gets looked at in *Incident at Exeter,* by John G. Fuller (Putnam, July, $5.95); for those who prefer their mass hysteria straight, Dutton has *Burn, Baby, Burn!* by newsmen Jerry Cohen and William S. Murphy, who got the cooperation of everybody but the Los Angeles Police Department (August, $5.95). . . . William Brinkley's *The Ninety and Nine* is said to be another *Don't Go Near the Water,* but rather grimmer (Doubleday, July, $5.95). . . . New York City's difficult present is surveyed by Roger Starr, director of the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council, in *The Living End: The City and Its Critics* (Coward-McCann, October, $5.95). Starr sees hope; those who don't may retreat to the simpler past in *The Epic of New York City,* a great big history by Edward Robb Ellis (Coward-McCann, October, $8.95). . . . Biography? There's always room for one more of Mark; latest is Justin Kaplan's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* (Simon & Schuster, June, $7.95). Janet (Genêt) Flanner will, hopefully, shed some light in hers on de Gaulle, scheduled for fall by McGraw-Hill. . . . The late Mari Sandoz completed her view of Custer's débâcle before her death; Lippincott publishes *The Battle of the Little Big Horn,* late June ($4.50).

● PAPERBACKS: Austin Tappan Wright's enormous *Islandia,* tale of an imaginary continent for which he invented a workable language, fascinating history and intriguing literature, is on the stands in a $1.25 Signet paperback. Originally published in 1942 and long out of print, the book has attracted a hard core of earnest fans over the years. . . . Look for another Edward Gorey morsel soon: *The Gilded Bat,* a cyanide-sweet tale of a good little girl who becomes a ballerina, it is being serialized in *Ballet Review* (Editor: Arlene Croce). Those who can't wait for publication in book form may seek help from the magazine at Box 639, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202. . . . *Caveat Emptor!* The gnomes at Ace Books have put out something called *The Wierdstone of Brisingamen,* which they claim is "in the Tolkien tradition." It isn't —it's a sleazy potboiler for the eight-to-twelve set, well worth missing.

● MOVIES: Now shooting or about to be are *The Quiller Memorandum,* starring Alec Guinness, Max Von Sydow and George Segal, with Michael Anderson directing; *Rocket to the Moon,* an American-International effort with Terry-Thomas and Gert *(Goldfinger)* Frobe: *Enter Laughing,* with Carl Reiner directing a screenplay based on his novel, and Shelley Winters playing another mother. . . . *Only Lovers Left Alive,* that novel about the go-go generation taking over, will star the Rolling Stones. . . . Forthcoming from the Continent are screen versions of Sartre's *Le Mur* and Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past,* and a widescreen color redo of Fritz Lang's 1922 silent spectacular, *Nibelungen.* . . . Rumor has it that one W. Shakespeare wrote a play called *The Taming of the Shrew,* but you'd never know it from the ads for Lizandrichard's newest vehicle. Strange.

Fiction

Dazzlers and Astounders

GUY DAVENPORT

ONE OF THE entries in Georg Christoph Lichtenberg's *Trash Book* (a volume to be found in the pockets of men as diverse as Kierkegaard and Wittgenstein and which Nietzsche said a man could never read enough of) runs: "In our times, when insects collect insects and butterflies prattle of butterflies." A caricature so absolute as this was born from Professor Lichtenberg's living too much among professors, yet there is a nice round aptness to putting it at the top of a page that is to be about Vladimir Nabokov, distinguished collector of butterflies, the translator of *Alice in Wonderland* into Russian, the translator of Pushkin into English, exile, professor, the explicator of Gogol, a novelist who writes in Russian, French, German, and English, and the author of *Pnin* and *Lolita,* two of the comic masterpieces of our time.

Comic, note; not satiric. The satirist is a rational creature, bilious and speaking from the smoke of a slow burn. He frequently goes mad but is not mad when he satirizes (even if he were, how could we tell, as there is no folly which man is not likely to commit?). The aptness of the butterfly and his collector lies in the bewildering imitation Mr. Nabokov has given all these years of a satirist; he has tricked us into believing that he is a disinterested entomologist of the human insect, displaying sillier and sillier specimens for our nervous laughter.

No. Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov, alias Vladimir Sirin when he wrote the novel before us, is a comic writer pure and simple. To see him as a satirist is one of the thousand or so misunderstandings that have been tossed at him by the reviewers, who might as well have been tossing snowballs into a volcano. Besides, no one has yet found what it is that Mr. Nabokov might be satirizing. A professor who set himself the task of writing an essay on Nabokov the Moralist would go mad

---

***Despair,* by Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam, $5.00**

***Earthly Paradise:* Colette's Autobiography Drawn from Her Lifetime Writings, by Robert Phelps. Farrar, $6.95**

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before he got his three-by-five cards filled out, and the doctoral candidate with no better sense than to build a thesis around Nabokov's moral *Anschauung* deserves his nervous breakdown.

It is not moral deflection that moves Nabokov but simply idiocy. His laughter has nothing behind it but the nature of laughter itself, a principle that American gentility has been suppressing since it began combing its hair and bathing every Saturday. All of us got our behinds whacked quite early for laughing at the cross-eyed, the spastic, and the bat-eared. Slowly we have become as dour as Quakers, and the *Saturday Evening Post* soberly writes up

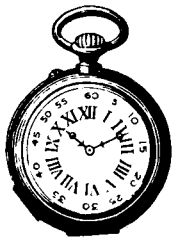
Sonny and Cher as if they were Lydia Pankhurst and Bronson Alcott, whereas their resemblance to Alice the Goon (both of them) would have had the innocent in stitches twenty years ago. And Alice herself has fled the funny papers. With laughter social-conscious, moral, nervous, and guilty, Mr. Nabokov's novels look very strange indeed. It is not his fault that they are out of fashion.

Despair was written in Berlin in 1932, in Russian. It is the narrative of a fool and a liar. He is aware of the latter condition only. The former unfolds before us as we read. The narrator tells his story smugly and triumphantly. It doesn't quite hold together, and we soon understand that we are not to believe all of it. Seeing the plot fall in upon itself is rather like watching the proverbial man who paints himself into a corner, except that this painter has been assuring us for hours that he isn't going to paint himself into a corner. In fact, we aren't certain whether he really does, as the novel ends before the plot has unraveled all the way.

Nabokov's narrator tells us that one day he came across his double, a man as like himself as a twin. He then concocts a scheme to murder his double and collect his own insurance. The scheme is as tortuous as one Dr. Moriarty might have hatched; it is elegant, a model of its kind. In fact nothing can be found wrong with it except that the supposed double bears no resemblance whatever to our narrator. With this whopping discrepancy to gum up the works, we tend not to notice that there is scarcely any motivation for the murder in the first place, or that most of the plans would not have worked anyway, or that his wife, one of the most mentally underprivileged women Nabokov ever created, could not possibly have carried out her part of the scheme. Out of such madness Nabokov makes his comedy. The fool, for Nabokov, is of interest in himself; he is quintessential man. Sociology, psychology, philosophy—nothing has anything interesting to add to the fact that a man is a fool. There is something of the dark, fundamental mind of the peasant about all this, especially when we have to grant Nabokov the most suave and sophisticated hand-writing in English today. But perhaps the cultivated charm with which he delivers his black opinions is meant to be the best of the fun.

In the generous, five-hundred-paged *Earthly Paradise: Colette's Autobiography,* Robert Phelps has selected passages from 26 of Colette's books and arranged them so that they make a charmingly disorganized, elliptical account of France's greatest prose stylist in the twentieth century. Colette was limited as a novelist, by her own choice, and limited in the same way Cocteau was, who also chose to be laconic and fine of phrase. Precision of tone was all. The rest of the novel she left to others. Bulk had no interest for her, nor grandness, nor scope. She was the chronicler of the subtle, evanescent emotions.

A large portion of her writing was about her predilections and her quiet world of gardens, friends, animals, and memories. About these she wrote with a tone that only Proust could equal in French and Thoreau in Eng-



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lish. Her virtues as a writer are so obvious, so clear-cut, so masterfully a skill achieved by patience, economy, and, as she explained once, the relentless search for "the better word," that one is apt to praise her for the wrong thing. For her prose is wholly transparent, the complete servant of her will to get the subject, and nothing but, before us. And the subject is the important thing.

COLETTE WAS A WRITER who specialized in life in its most uniform and continuous fabric: green nature, common animals, the home, children, the seasons, the inarticulate emotions that no one ever mentions, such as the smell of a book and the tranquility of a tree's shade. The greatest of poets have occasionally reflected this ground upon which all other existence happens; Colette took it for her life's work. One gathers that Napoleon's raised sword at Austerlitz was to Colette a mere idiocy, as indeed it must appear to all whose business is growing a plump cabbage and fermenting a redolent wine. She lived a great deal of her life in public, as actress, newspaper woman, traveler, and woman of the world; yet she managed to keep close to her small world of animals and flowers. Most literate Frenchmen know the pages that Mr. Phelps has collected here as well as their own family histories. It is a gift to have them translated, arranged in order, and presented with an admirable chronology and introduction.

The Passing Scene

The Evolution of Bob Dylan

ANTONI E. GOLLAN

THE REASONS are open to argument and interpretation, but folksinger Bob Dylan will write and sing no more protest songs of the radical Left. He hasn't for a long time, and he says himself he won't.

Several years ago Dylan (he is thought to have adopted the name from Dylan Thomas) became the darling of campus radicals. It was understandable, for his songs and the way he sang them, accompanying his rough voice with guitar and harmonica, were completely gripping. He wrote, among a great many other songs, "Blowin' in the Wind," the bitter "Masters of War," and the sarcastic "With God on Our Side." Moreover, he epitomized the hippie set among young radicals who, though professedly antagonistic to authority and idolatry, took Dylan to their hearts completely.

Dylan, wrote the *New York Times'* Robert Shelton at the time, "breaks all the rules of songwriting except that of having something to say and saying it stunningly." And, wrote Nat Hentoff, Dylan "looks and acts like a fusion of Huck Finn and a young Woody Guthrie." Indeed, the illness-ridden Guthrie was Dylan's own first and last idol.

Now that is all over. Dylan today is accompanied on records and in concert by a fiercely rhythmic rock band and plays electric guitar himself, anathema to many folk purists. He was booed at the Newport Folk Festival last year, but has decided to play the Festival again this year. His "folk-rock" records are bought in volume by the teenage screamies whose tastes are huckster-dictated and shallow. ("I just want to get along," said Dylan a few years ago. "If I had a lot of money, what would I do?")

As for his divorce from radical Left causes, Dylan himself has been contradictory on the subject. Not long ago he told an interviewer, "I never wanted to write topical songs. . . . That was my chance. In the Village there was a little publication called *Broadside* and with a topical song you could get in there. I wasn't getting far with the things I was doing, songs like I'm writing now, but *Broadside* gave me a start." On another, perhaps more candid occasion, Dylan said of his protest songs: "Those records I've already made, I'll stand behind them, but some of that was jumping into the scene to be heard and a lot of it was because I didn't see anybody else doing that kind of thing. . . ."

If anything, Dylan's departure from the organized radical Left seems to have to do with personal disillusionment—perhaps less with the senti-

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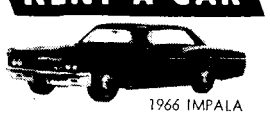

1966 IMPALA

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ments than the people who vociferously espouse them. It is no secret he became apprehensive at an early stage about being used by some of these people, and that he is generally suspicious of "neatly defined causes." When, in December of 1963, the Communist-front Emergency Civil Liberties Committee bestowed upon Dylan its Tom Paine Award, his acceptance speech failed to conform with the group's predispositions, and they let him know it. He in turn decided they were "a bunch of people who had nothing to do with my kind of politics."

SOON AFTERWARD, Dylan recorded an album marking the transition between what he was then and is now ("Another Side of Bob Dylan"). The record, in parts, reflected bitterly on his earlier period, *"fearing not I'd become my enemy in instant that I'd preach / Ah but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now."* His next record incorporated the rock sound.

Dylan's music now is formed of hauntingly beautiful song-poems, built around chaos and unreality, the only things he seems to accept as real nowadays. His nihilism is almost an anachronistic throwback to the beat generation of a decade ago. Rumors filter down about strange directions his life has taken.

And, of course, Dylan has been furiously attacked by his former lionizers. Folk music critic Paul Nelson, however, recently responded, in a national folk music magazine particularly bitter against Dylan these days, to the radical Left's almost frenzied attacks against him: "Dylan's historical-political adversaries aren't interested in what one person may see; their myopia recognizes only the sweep of Masses and they daydream hopefully of thousands singing union songs in Central Park. From their Disneylandic yearnings, they demand their songs short, snappy, imbecilicly simple, and straight to the proletarian point. Thus, 'Highway 61 Revisited' [Dylan's latest album] is considered corrupt and self-indulgent, and Dylan's gloriously ambiguous new works too rich for the People's blood. This is a time for bread, not cake, they rationalize, blissfully unaware that time invariably vindicates form over topicality, and poetry always outlives journalism."

College professors and literary jour-

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nals these days argue over whether Dylan is a legitimate poet, and, if he is, whether he is a significant one. That Dylan is of lasting significance is doubtful; but that he is of immediate significance is very clear.

Meantime, campus radicals and leftist-bent folk purists find Dylan has deserted them, though they can still scarcely believe it. This young and, from some accounts, still very perplexed artist had a more profound effect on them than most of them might now care to admit. They will be a long time recovering.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WASHINGTON AND LEE: *A Study in the Will to Win,* by Holmes M. Alexander (Western Islands, $3.00). A mere 100 pages. The starkest outline of the lives of two extraordinary men, raising the question whether greatness can upon occasion fail, and answering it No. Washington, that vain and impossible autocrat, risked all and won (and was therefore great?); Lee, that proud and ascetic patrician *manqué,* risked his kind of all, and lost (and was therefore not great?). Mr. Alexander glides too lightly over, I think, the paradox that Washington's career would have been ignominious had it been halted at any time before the final victory, just as Robert E. Lee's career would have been banal had it stopped before the final defeat. In this paradox there are lessons, and lessons within lessons. If Lee was weak, why did a strong army of men cheer him? If Washington was the egotistical commander, why did he set a Presidential style not violated until FDR's third term? Questions such as this, subtle and indeterminate, we can spend our lives on.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE LAST BATTLE, by Cornelius Ryan (Simon & Schuster, $7.50). Berlin fell and World War II in Europe was over; yet as one can see now all too clearly, World War III was thereby begun. Why did the Western Allies leave the capture of Germany's capital to the Russians? According to this well-researched book, whose author also wrote *The Longest Day,* the division of post-war Germany with Berlin in the Soviet zone had been determined in a British plan long before the Yalta Conference supposedly carved up the remains of the Third Reich. Further, the author maintains that it was Roosevelt, and not Churchill, who initially wanted Berlin within the Western Sphere; the President's failure to have his ideas enacted was due in part to his incredible lack of communication with the State Department. Hence, Roosevelt's proposal was never seriously considered in Allied discussions—not even by U. S. representatives! So, Berlin was placed in the heart of the Russian occupation zone, and the Western Allied Military Command decided not to cross the Elbe and capture the capital—for territory gained would simply have to be turned over to the Red Army. Thus, without hope of American relief, the terrified Berliners waited in a frightfully ill-defended city for the Russian onslaught, while Hitler committed suicide.

R. T. P. DAVIS

THE MYSTIC IN THE THEATRE: ELEONORA DUSE, by Eva Le Gallienne (Farrar, $4.50). In the mid-1930s Miss Le Gallienne's book might have been a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and a popular best seller. Ladies would have loved it. Today's reader must have some interest in—and a certain nostalgia for—a more gracious time when artists could become legendary, in order to enjoy, or even read, these pages. There is talk of the Divine Sarah, of Lugné-Poë, Isadora Duncan, Gordon Craig, people like that. There are instructive passages on Duse's technique. The biographical material on her is sketchy and incomplete. We don't see the whole woman. Miss Le Gallienne does write of Duse's "almost pagan sensuality," but fails to give us the sense of that madly passionate creature who wanted to burn her lover D'Annunzio's home when she discovered his infidelity. Only flame, she said, could purify the house. What Miss Le Gallienne does give us is a woman and artist so grand, strong, true, and good most readers today would simply be unable to believe it all. There are excellent recollections of Duse performances seen long ago, but even here the reader wonders if recollection has not been colored by imagination in the forty intervening years. Perhaps there really were giants among us once. Perhaps once one could even see great theater in New York City.

G. M. PEPPER

THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN, by John O'Hara (Random House, $5.95). Possessing the usual O'Hara flaws —the overstated plot, the prurient emphasis, the occasional careless sentence—*The Lockwood Concern* yet transcends them in a probing analysis of class and class lines, of the responsibilities and rewards of wealth, and of the nature of what four generations of Lockwoods learned to call a "gentleman." The history and development of three men (one conditioned by violence and a desire for security, his son by fashion and the rewards of society, and the grandson by a fear of his family history and the incomplete rejection of family responsibility) lead inevitably to the dénouement of the great-grandson who, finding cheating unacceptable at Princeton, is able to wreak vengeance on his father's rejection of him by plying the same methods in business, thus destroying what respectability the Lockwoods had been able to attain. Ever at his best in describing his native Pennsylvania and in catching the flavor of an era, O'Hara has turned four generations on the fringes of the Pennsylvania Dutch into a novel of merit.

T. K. MEIER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (JUNE 14)

Cabell Phillips

CORRUPTION (IN POLITICS):

Congress . . . has its share of knaves and fools but while the knaves and fools in any other sphere of public life sooner or later are put in quarantine, those in Congress are allowed to run at large and to enjoy equal status with their betters. (from *The Legislative Process in Congress,* by George B. Galloway)

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. Proficient.

B. An Australasian tree of the myrtle family.

C. A Society interested in material rather than political history.

D. He spent many days at his round table with his knights.

E. A word from campaign slogan (not used by safety council).

F. The lammergeier.

G. Real estate term; sounds like a fleet Indian (2 wds.)

H. Worn out with age.

I. City that sounds like a rodent's mother.

J. A phantom.

K. Flails.

L. What Goldberg characters Mike and Ike were.

M. A supply line originated after WW II due to a crisis.

WORDS

73 9 30 101 110 186 38 114

23 120 150 74 126 222 94 59 207 46

32 10 1 202 211 124 106 75

44 39 221 95 214 65

53 60 199 203 2 218 47 107 31 151

63 12 40 125 33 85 78 22 139

79 178 48 148 127 184 167 61 54 86 13

88 118 122 14 41 132

100 176 16 87 128 34 76 102 212

129 3 182 24 149

140 66 42 159 179 111 168 190

204 25 35 80 123 136 51 142 43 152

4 67 52 26 189 209 17

DEFINITIONS

N. "I'm Aiken from _____!" "I'm Ginsburg from New Rochelle!"

O. Where lowest point in U.S. is (2 wds.).

P. Greek philosopher and mathematician

Q. North American capital.

R. City in New York.

S. City in Montgomery, Wales

T. An aperture.

U. A group of plutonic basic rocks.

V. Type of wheel or jack (pl.).

W. Pertaining to hearing.

X. A nonmetallic, poisonous, active element of the nitrogen group.

Y. The river horse.

Z. Childish activity in which parents do follow-up work (2 wds.).

WORDS

11 112 165 121 201 108 219 81

49 171 109 82 200 5 113 27 137 173 62

160 96 115 188 141 68 18 193 154 180

163 169 181 198 130 205

166 83 89 69 6 97 162 208 197

174 143 70 7 119 134 103

185 19 220 144 98 194 206

196 8 55 138 215 175

210 71 90 99 116 56 145 153

50 20 104 135 91 117 155 72

15 131 177 157 77 146 195 21 28 216

92 183 84 191 213 164 217 29 57 36 64 161

156 37 58 158 170 45 192 172 93 105 147 133 187

See page 640 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 C	2 E		3 J	4 M	5 O	6 R		7 S	8 U	9 A	10 C	11 N		12 F
13 G	14 H	15 X	16 I		17 M	18 P		19 T	20 W	21 X	22 F	23 B		24 J	25 L	26 M
27 O	28 X	29 Y	30 A	31 E	32 C		33 F	34 I	35 L	36 Y		37 Z	38 A	39 D		40 F
41 H	42 K	43 L	44 D	45 Z	46 B		47 E	48 G	49 O		50 W	51 L	52 M		53 E	54 G
	55 U	56 V	57 Y	58 Z	59 B	60 E	61 G	62 O		63 F	64 Y	65 D		66 K	67 M	68 P
69 R	70 S	71 V	72 W	73 A		74 B	75 C	76 I		77 X	78 F	79 G	80 L	81 N		82 O
83 R		84 Y	85 F	86 G	87 I	88 H	89 R	90 V		91 W	92 Y	93 Z		94 B	95 D	96 P
97 R	98 T	99 V	100I	101A		102I	103S	104W		105Z	106C	107E	108N	109O	110A	
111K	112N	113O	114A	115P	116V		117W	118H		119S	120B	121N		122H	123L	124C
125F	126B	127G	128I	129J		130Q	131X	132H	133Z		134S	135W	136L	137O		138U
139F		140K	141P	142L	143S	144T		145V	146X	147Z		148G	149J	150B	151E	152L
153V	154P	155W	156Z		157X	158Z	159K	160P	161Y		162R	163Q		164Y	165N	166R
167G	168K		169Q	170Z	171O		172Z	173O	174S	175U	176I	177X	178G	179K		180P
181Q	182J	183Y	184G		185T	186A		187Z	188P	189M	190K		191Y	192Z	193P	194T
195X	196U	197R	198Q	199E	200Q	201N	202C		203E	204L	205Q	206T	207B	208R		209M
210V	211C	212I		213Y	214D	215U		216X	217Y	218E	219N	220T	221D	222B		

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WEEKENDS

(Continued from p. 624)

be consistent about it, calling the doctor, getting in a relative or household help, or even going back to town for a few days. This may be inconvenient, but it saves appearances, and makes it possible for you to meet your guests again.

(Next month: The care and feeding of week-end guests.)

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 624)

legal harassment has ever been so fully exposed in all of its subtle delaying tactics.

White Plains, N.Y. FLORENCE P. HANISCH

I wonder if you noticed the coincidence in the date of Judge Silverman's opinion and a significant event in American history. April 19th is celebrated as "Patriot's Day" in some places in New England, and especially in my old home town of Lexington, Massachusetts.

Good shooting. The New York Court has affirmed something readers of *NR* have known for a long time: your aim is true!

Munich JOHN A. CLARK

Thanks

I usually get stirred to complain or protest but you hit a peak of brilliance in the May 17 issue ["Linus Pauling Takes the Stand"] that I can only commend.

Hammond, Ind. WARREN A. REEDER

On the Unborn

Mr. Buckley's wrongheadedness about Vatican II's Declaration of Religious Freedom is accurately pointed out in the May 3 Letters section, as is his relativistic swipe at the notion that we may derive instruction on the positive law from the natural law. But Taylor Caldwell's indication of his plain error of fact as to what the positive law really does say about the rights of unborn children is much too kind to Mr. Buckley. British law is, indeed, replete with recognitions of the rights of unborn children—*e.g.*, the provision for the nine-month period of gestation in the common law rule against perpetuities, not to mention any number of other *e.g.*'s. But Miss Caldwell is entirely too timid about American law, which retains the recognitions, with probably even more force than they have in British law.

And even if one were to excuse Mr. Buckley for this ignorance, on the ground that he is, after all, not a lawyer, one may still demand, from a man who makes his living commenting on public figures and public events, an acquaintance with the major developments in law. For one of these developments, and a highly controversial one, has been the recent trend in personal injury suits by women who have miscarried in accidents caused by the negligence of another; these women are more and more often collecting additional damages precisely on account of the rights of the unborn children they were bearing at the time. (The legal rationale is analogous to that in survival of tort actions.)

So: the point to be made about this development is that there is a legal controversy going on about the rights of unborn children; and, by his ignorance of that fact, Mr. Buckley has placed himself on one side of the controversy—that side which holds that unborn children *ought not* be recognized as having rights in positive law. And by taking this side of the issue, through ignorance, Mr. Buckley has derivatively given aid and comfort to those whose cause is simply freedom for more abortions, no matter what the moral or legal nuances.

Falls Church, Va. MICHAEL LAWRENCE

A Reply

If Mr. Lawrence is in law school, one can only suppose that his studies are incomplete, or at least incompletely understood. 1) I did not write that no law anywhere recognizes the fact of a fetus. I wrote that an unborn child is not considered, by Western legal systems, a human being; whence the lighter sanctions against abortion than against murder. 2) Mr. Lawrence's splashing about in the law *à ventre sa mére*, misses the point on two grounds: a) the legal recognition that birth will take place (as in the ordering of dynastic processes when the Queen is widowed but pregnant) relates to a child's anticipated arrival, not to his legal existence; b) current activity in U.S. courts relates not to the rights of an unborn child, but to the rights of a dispossessed mother. No one ever argued that because a fetus isn't a human being under the law, that it isn't therefore an invaluable possession (yes, possession) of the mother. My own tendency is to regard the unborn child as a human being, but to note, and to meditate upon, the fact that the natural law, as currently understood, differs from the positive law. I note that the Catholic Church in England has not raised its voice in protest against the House of Lords' recent motion to liberalize England's abortion laws. But then perhaps the Catholic Church in England didn't go to law school. —WFB

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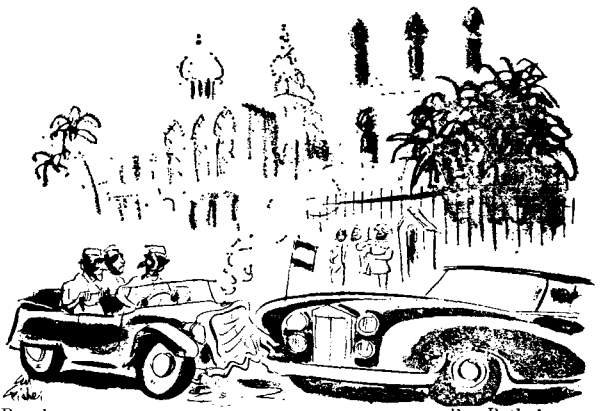
For The Record

Senator Kuchel's personal pickle has California conservatives chortling. It's well nigh to High Noon and Kuchel is going to have to declare himself soon for or against Ronald Reagan. At stake: possible rightist retribution when he runs again in '68, plus his diminished hopes of succeeding Sen. Dirksen as Senate Minority Leader. Dirksen could give up that post at close of this session. But will it go to Kuchel if he adds a Reagan walkout to his Goldwater performance? Educated guess: Kuchel will support Reagan but as lukewarmly as he thinks he can get away with. . . . Other possibilities as successors to Dirksen: Sen. Roman Hruska of Nebraska, Sen. Thruston Morton of Kentucky. . . . PR firm that helped put Reagan over, California's prestigious Spencer-Roberts & Hafner, plans to stick with him. Last week it reportedly turned down bid by Charles Percy for it to mastermind his uphill race against Sen. Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) . . . Other interesting results in the California primary: Conservative actor Wendell Corey lost out in his bid for GOP nomination for Rep. Alphonso Bell's seat; Bob Mathias, the Olympics star, bumped incumbent Democratic Rep. Harlen Hagen; John Tunney, Gene's son, won chance to fight it out with Bob Barry, a former (class of '64) GOP congressman from N.Y. who'll now be trying his chances in California.

Energetic and furiously anti-Communist Suzanne Labin heading a group of French writers, philosophers and political leaders in opposition to les Vietniques. (Mme. Labin's latest book, Menaces Chinoises Sur l'Asie, just published by Table Ronde.). . . British decision to send small medical team to South Vietnam being taken as signal from Harold Wilson to his backbenchers that he intends to continue to support U.S. policy there. . . . Italian Communist leader Luigi Longo admittedly worried over what he calls "aging membership" of 1.6 million Italian CP. Only 30 per cent of members, according to his estimate, are under 30.

As expected, former S. C. Gov. Ernest Hollings beat out Sen. Donald Russell in last week's Democratic primary. Hollings lost a gubernatorial race to Russell in 1962 largely because of his support of Jack Kennedy two years earlier. Only avowedly Liberal Democrat in primary, John Bolt Culbertson



Punch — Ben Roth Agency

"Lady prime ministers!"

who ran as "double-dipped national Democrat" shot down in flames by more conservative P. Bradley Morrah who is expected to lose to Sen. Strom Thurmond in Nov. . . . Massachusetts primary situation really confused. Ted Kennedy's former campaign manager, Maurice A. Donahue, has agreed to become campaign manager for Edward McCormack Jr. (whom Teddy knocked out in '62) against former JFK White House aide Kenneth O'Donnell who has support of Benjamin Smith 3d who obligingly kept warm JFK's Senate seat from 1960 to 1962 until Teddy became old enough to run for it. McCormack, to add to the confusion, has identified himself as a Humphrey backer. (So where's Bobby?)

Latest McNamariana, from Republican Congressional Newsletter: If McNamara, instead of Moses, had gone up Mount Sinai, he would have come down with one stone tablet and three wall charts.

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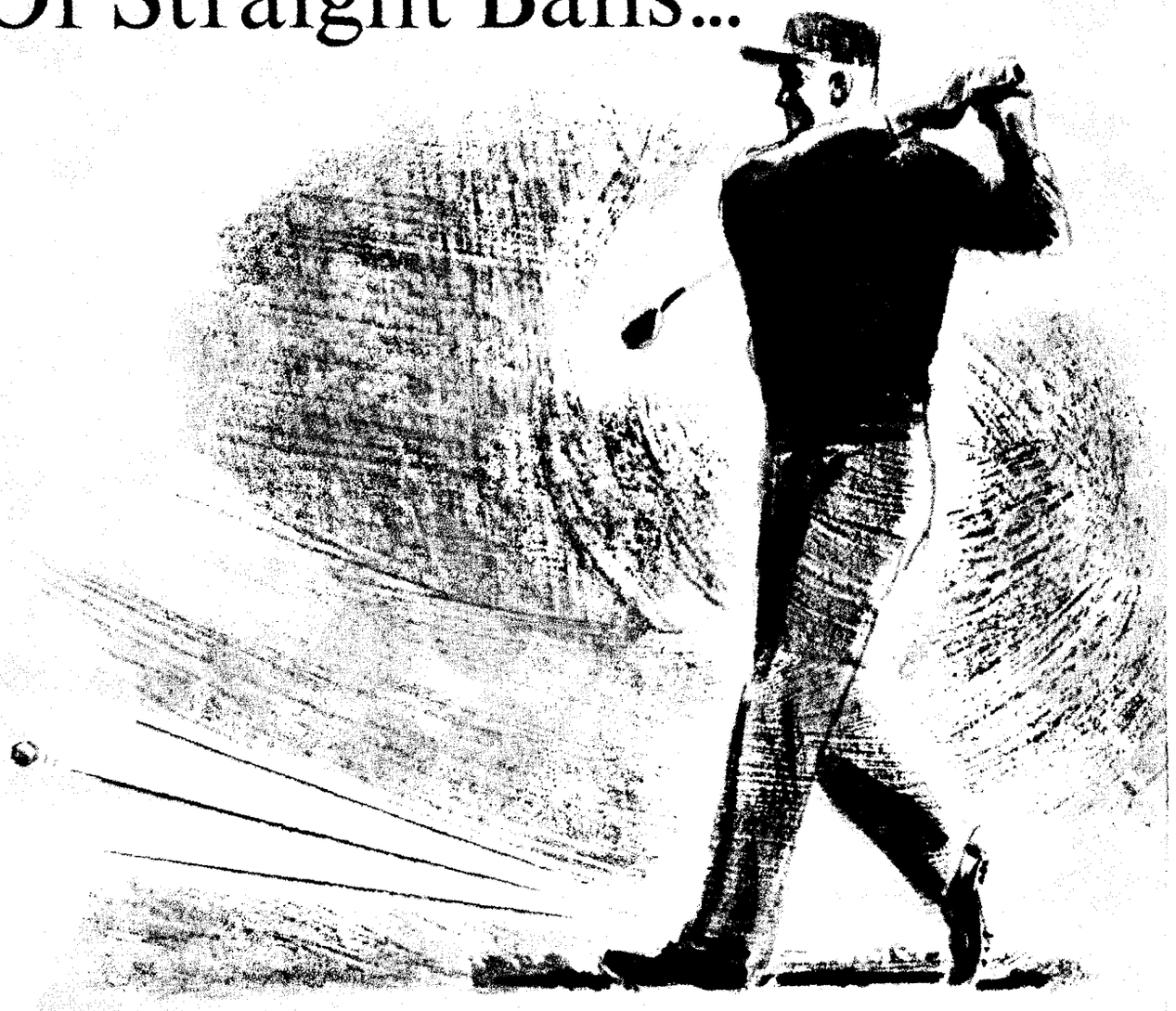
Odd Balls Or Straight Balls...



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